MARK TWAIN

HIS LIFE AND WORK

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

WILL M. CLEMENS

1892

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I.

PREFACE.

From the days of "Yankee Doodle" and the "Frogs of Windham," two gems of early American humor written in the Revolutionary period, until near the close of the war of the Rebellion, the recognized American humorist, the wit who could cause a laugh to go rippling, bubbling around the world, was a creation unknown to American literature. However, out of respect and admiration for their genius, their wit and humor, we must not fail in giving proper credit to Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Peters, John

Trumbull, George F. Hopkins, William T. Thompson, Seba Smith, Joseph C. Neal, Orpheus C. Kerr, George H. Derby and a host of others, for bringing out in the American prints, those native characteristics, the drollness of the yankee and the wit of the early days, but not until after the Rebellion did America produce a humorist of world-wide reputation. When civil strife was ended, and the American began a new career, almost a new existence, there came to the surface a new school of native humor. The names of Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings and one or two others, became household words. Their funny sayings caused the Englishman to smile between his bites of beef. Their droll humor forced our German cousin to shake his sides with laughter. Their witty bon mots occasioned prolonged mirth from our friends in France. Not until then did we become known as a nation of humorists, and from that day the fame of our wits has extended throughout the entire world. To-day a ripple of mirth

starting on the banks of Mud Flat Creek, will end in a hurricane of laughter on the Thames or the Seine.

There was something so purely American in the humor of Mark Twain, that his work soon made for him a place in native literature. As a representative of American life and character his name extended even beyond the confines of the continent of Europe, into all lands and among all peoples. In Paris one cannot purchase a Bible at the book stall, but one may find "Roughing It" at every corner. In Rome, "The Innocents Abroad" is one of the staples in the book marts. In Hongkong you will find Mark Twain. Everywhere they read him.

The career of Mark Twain is a romance. His life is a curious medley of pathos and poverty, with an occasional laugh to help along over the rough places. He was a wild, reckless boy, a poor printer, not even a good journalist, an adventurer, a wanderer. He was a sort of human kaleidoscope. He then became a wit, a scholar, a public speaker, a man of

family and a millionaire. All this is but typical of America, of American life and American character.

Mark Twain is more than a mere Punch and Judy show. With his droll humor there comes information. He gives the reader a full dinner, not merely dessert. He tells you more about the Mississippi river than an old steamboatman. He gives you a world of information about Germany and Switzerland. He is better than a guide book for the Holy Land. What that greater genius Charles Dickens has done for fiction, Mark Twain does for humor. He is an ideal reporter. He minutely tells us all about a thing, tells us what he sees and hears, describes a man, a mule or a monarchy in excellent form, and makes one laugh at the same time.

Some years ago I was prompted to write the genial Mr. Clemens for an introduction or preface to a little volume of mine, long since buried by the sands of time. His reply was this:

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 18.

"WILL M. CLEMENS.

"My Dear Friend: Your letter received. God bless your heart. I would like ever so much to comply with your request, but I am thrashing away at my new book, and am afraid that I should not find time to write my own epitaph, in case I was suddenly called for.

"Wishing you and your book well, believe me,

"Yours truly,

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS."

Not long ago the gifted humorist sent me a printed slip of his career, taken from "Men of the Time." Upon the margin of this, he wrote the following:

"MY DEAR CLEMENS:

"I haven't any humorous biography—the facts don't admit of it. I had this sketch from "Men of the Time" printed on slips to enable me to study my history at my leisure.

S. L. CLEMENS."

By nature, a serious, thoughtful man, he is deeply in earnest at times, yet seldom has he ventured to deal with the pathetic in his writings. Occasionally he pens a careful, serious communication, like the following, for instance, which he addressed to a young friend of mine:

Hartford, Jan. 16, 1881.

"My Dear Boy:

How can I advise another man wisely, out of such a capital as a life filled with mistakes? Advise him how to avoid the like? No—for opportunities to make the same mistakes do not happen to any two men. Your own experiences may possibly teach you, but another man's can't. I do not know anything for a person to do but just peg along, doing the things that offer, and regretting them the next day. It is my way and everybody's.

"Truly yours,

S. L. Clemens."

In this modest volume I do not attempt to analyze the humor of Mark Twain. As Howells says: "Analyses of humor are apt to leave one rather serious, and to result in an entire volatilization of the humor." There is romance, and adventure, and thrilling interest surrounding the life of the prince of humorists, and I have endeavored to gather together some of these interesting facts. His satire and wit speak for themselves.

The Author.

II.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

There is more or less obscurity surrounding the ancestry and birth of Mark Twain. His ancestors were of Dutch and English extraction. The Clemens family extended back to Nicholas Clemens, who lived in Holland, early in the last century. Upon the maternal side, the Langhornes were of English birth.

In the days of the Revolution there came to America three sturdy pioneers bearing the Clemens name. One of these settled in Virginia, another in Pennsylvania. The former prospered in the southern colony and the name became well known in the South, more especially

in the political history of that section early in the present century. Jeremiah Clemens was a United States senator from Alabama, and a congressman, a judge, and other dignitaries bore the name.

John Marshall Clemens, the father of Mark Twain, was one of a fine Virginia family, a man of brain and force of character. He migrated to Kentucky and soon thereafter to Adair county, in Tennessee. He was married there in Fentress county to Miss Langhorne, a warm-hearted, domestic woman, with great emotional depths. The family fled from those vast landed possessions in Tennessee, so graphically described in "The Gilded Age," and crossed the river into Missouri in 1829, locating in the town of Florida, in Monroe county. A few months after their arrival, Samuel Langhorne Clemens first saw the light of day on the 30th of November, 1835. Three years later the family removed to Hannibal, a river town in Marion county.

In 1840 the elder Clemens filled the ancient and honorable office of Justice of

the Peace. He was a stern, unbending man of sterling, common sense, and was, indeed, the autocrat of the little dingy room on Bird street, where he held his court and preserved order in the village. The court room fairly indicated the rustic simplicity of the people, and the frugal manner in which Judge Clemens lived and transacted business. The furniture consisted of a dry goods box, which served the double purpose of a desk for the judge and a table for the lawyers, three or four rude stools and a puncheon bench for the jury. Here on court days when the judge climbed upon his three legged stool, rapped upon the box with his knuckles, and demanded silence in the court, it was fully expected that silence would reign supreme. As a general thing the rough characters who lounged about to see the "wheels of justice" move, bowed submissively to the mandates of the judge. An overbearing, turbulent and quarrelsome man, named Allen B. McDonald, was an exception, and many a time he had violated the rules

and been rebuked by the court. Upon one occasion McDonald was plaintiff in a case against one Jacob Smith. Judge Clemens was presiding with his usual dignity, and the court room was filled with witnesses and friends of the parties to the suit. One Frank Snyder, a peaceable citizen, had given his testimony in favor of defendant Smith and resumed his seat, when McDonald with an exasperating air made a face at him. As quick as a flash Snyder whipped out an old pepper box revolver and emptied every barrel at McDonald, hurting no one, but filling the room with smoke and consternation. In the confusion that followed Judge Clemens, doubtless remembering McDonald's turbulent spirit, instantly concluded that he was the aggressor, and seizing a hammer that lay near by, he dealt him a blow that sent him senseless and quivering to the floor. The court was completely master of the situation. Being a kind-hearted man, he was greatly mortified when he learned that he had struck the wrong fellow, but the oldest

inhabitant never heard him admit that it was "a lick amiss." His death occurred in 1843. His grave in Mount Olivet cemetery, near Hannibal, is marked by a tasteful monument erected by his son.

Hannibal was a sleepy river town characteristic of that day. William Dean Howells, in a brief sketch of Mark Twain's career, says: "Hannibal as a name is hopelessly confused and ineffective; but if we know nothing of Mr. Clemens from Hannibal, we can know much of Hannibal from Mr. Clemens, who, in fact, has studied a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slave-holding, Mississippi river town of thirty years ago, with such strong reality in his boy's romance of 'Tom Sawyer,' that we need inquire nothing further concerning the type. The original perhaps no longer exists anywhere, certainly not in Hannibal, which has grown into a flourishing little city. The morality of the place was the morality of a slave-holding community, fierce, arrogant, onesided; the religion was Calvanism in various phases, with

its predestinate aristocracy of saints and its rabble of hopeless sinners. Doubtless young Clemens escaped neither of the opposing influences wholly. His people, like the rest, were slave-holders; but his father like so many other slave-holders, abhorred slavery—silently, as he must in such a time and place."

Mark Twain's childhood home was that of an ordinary backwood's infant. His boyhood was a series of mischievous adventures. He was sent to school at an early age, where he says he "excelled only in spelling." He delighted to spend much of his time upon the river, and so successfully was he in getting into the turbid waters, that he was dragged out of the river six times before he was twelve years of age. His mother said of him: "Sam was always a good-hearted boy, but he was a very wild and mischievous one, and do what we could, we could never make him go to school. This used to trouble his father and me dreadfully, and we were convinced that he would never amount to as much in the world as

his brothers, because he was not near so steady and sober-minded as they were. Often his father would start him off to school, and in a little while would follow him to ascertain his whereabouts. There was a large stump on the way to the school-house, and Sam would take his position behind that, and as his father went past would gradually circle around it in such a way as to keep out of sight. Finally, his father and the teacher both said it was of no use to try to teach Sam anything, because he was determined not to learn. But I never gave up. He was always a great boy for history, and could never get tired of that kind of reading; but he hadn't any use for school-houses and text books."

A friend who lived amid the scenes of his boyhood, writes: "The old home of the Clemens family was a two story brick, with a large tree in front. A little way down the river is the cave by which 'Tom Sawyer' made his wonderful escape, and by means of an underground passage the city of Hannibal is easily regained.

We used to play about the old village blacksmith shop, and were always in mischief. The old blacksmith became so provoked one day, that he caught Sam and with a shingle made him so sore, that he did not sit down for a week. As soon as Sam recovered we went up on the hill immediately above the blacksmith shop, and every day for about a week we worked at digging up a big boulder. Finally we got all the earth from around it, and all we had to do was to give it a shove, and down the hill it would go with terrible velocity. Saturday afternoon was always a holiday in Hannibal in those days. This particular afternoon was a beautiful June day, and the blacksmith shop was closed. About three o'clock in the afternoon we started the boulder down the hill. It struck the blacksmith shop and the building was almost demolished."

In a humorous sketch written in 1870, Mark Twain tells the following of his father and his boyhood:

"When I say that I never knew my austere parent to be enamored of but

one poem in all the long half-century that he lived, persons who knew him will easily believe me; when I say that I have never composed but one poem in all the long third of a century that I have lived, persons who know me will be sincerely grateful; and finally, when I say that the poem which I composed was not the one which my father was enamored of, persons who may have known us both will not need to have this truth shot into them with a mountain howitzer before they can receive it. My father and I were always on the most distant terms when I was a boy—a sort of armed neutrality, so to speak. At irregular intervals this neutrality was broken and suffering ensued; but I will be candid enough to say that the breaking and the suffering were always divided up with strict impartiality between us—which is to say my father did the breaking, and I did the suffering. As a general thing I was a backward, cautious unadventurous boy. But once I jumped off a two-story stable; another time I gave an elephant a plug

of tobacco, and retired without waiting for an answer; and still another time I pretended to be talking in my sleep, and got off a portion of every original conundrum in hearing of my father. Let us not pry into the result; it was of no consequence to any one but me.

"But the poem I have referred to as attracting my father's attention, and achieving his favor was 'Hiawatha.' Some man who courted a sudden and awful death presented him an early copy, and I never lost faith in my own senses until I saw him sit down and go to reading it in cold blood—saw him open the book, and heard him read these following lines, with the same inflectionless judicial frigidity with which he always read his charge to the jury, or administered an oath to a witness—

> "'Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
> Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
> Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
> And your mittens, Minjekahwan,
> And your birch canoe for sailing,
> And the oil of Mishe-Nama.'"

From all accounts Mark was an incorrigible boy, filled with roving imaginations from his very earliest age. Many of the scenes in his books are taken from the real occurrences of his boyhood. The steamboat scene in "The Gilded Age" was witnessed by him while out on his aimless wanderings. His adventure with a dead man in his father's office was also literally true. He had played "hookey" from school all day and far into the night was absent, and rather than go home and be greeted with a flogging, raised the window and climbed into the office with the intention of resting all night upon a lounge. His description of the horror creeping over him as he saw a ghastly hand lying in the moonlight; how he shut his eyes and tried to count, and opened them in time to see the dead man lying on the floor, stiff and stark, with a ghastly wound in his side, and at last, how he beat a terrified retreat through the window, carrying the sash with him for "convenience" is vividly remembered by every reader of his works. Mrs.

Clemens asserts that the whole affair transpired as Mark recorded it—the man was killed in a street fight almost in front of the office door, and was taken in there while a *post mortem* examination was held, and there left until next morning. During the night Mark came in, and the scene he has so ludicrously but graphically depicted was enacted.

His books abound in stories of his boyhood. "Tom Sawyer" tells of his youthful adventures, although his counterpart is more correctly depicted in "Huckleberry Finn". In his "Old Times on the Mississippi" he says: "When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi river. That was to be a steamboatman. We had transient ambitions of other sorts, but they were only transient. When a circus came and went it left us all burning to become clowns; the first negro minstrel show that came to our section left us all suffering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope

that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to become pirates. These ambitions faded out, each in its turn, but the ambition to be a steamboatman always remained."

When the father died, the mother was left with four children, Sam being twelve years of age. The sons realized that they must do their part in the struggle for the support of the family. In those early years he tried various methods of earning a livelihood, and finally entered the office of the Hannibal *Weekly Courier*, as a printer's apprentice. At a printers' banquet in New York, some years ago, he told the story of his apprenticeship, in which he said: "It may be that the printer of to-day is not the printer of thirty-five years ago. I was no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built the fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; and, if he was there to see, I put the good type in his case and the broken ones among the

'hell matter;' and if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all with the 'pi' on the imposing stone—for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was the cub. I wetted down the paper Saturdays, I turned it Sundays—for this was a country weekly; I rolled, I washed the rollers, I washed the forms, I folded the papers, I carried them around in the disagreeable dawn Thursday mornings. The carrier was then an object of interest to all the dogs in town. If I had saved up all the bites I ever received, I could keep M. Pasteur busy for a year. I enveloped the papers that were for the mail—we had 100 town subscribers and 350 country ones; the town subscribers paid in groceries and the country ones in cabbage and cordwood—when they paid at all, which was merely sometimes, and then we always stated the fact in the paper, and gave them a puff; and if we forgot to they stopped the paper. Every man in the town list helped to edit the thing; that is, he gave orders as to how it was to be edited; dictated its opinions, marked

out its course for it, and every time the boss failed to connect, he stopped his paper.

"Life was easy with us; if we pied a form we suspended till next week, and we always suspended every now and then when the fishing was good, and explained it by the illness of the editor, a paltry excuse, because that kind of a paper was just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead one than with either of them.

"I can see that printing office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse bills on the walls, its 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights, its towel, which was not considered soiled until it could stand alone, and other signs and symbols that marked the establishment of that kind in Mississippi valley."

For three years he worked faithfully in the office of the *Courier*, and at the age of fifteen considered himself a full-fledged journeyman printer. He had been earning fifty cents a week, and had saved his

money. One evening upon coming home he asked his mother for five dollars. On being questioned as to what he wanted with it, he said he wanted it to start out traveling with. He failed to obtain the five dollars, but he assured his mother that he would go all the same, and he really went, nor did the old lady ever set eyes on him again until he had become a man. He had made up his mind to run away and see the exposition in New York. He worked his way eastward as a tramp printer, stopping for several weeks in Sandusky and other towns in Ohio.

Arriving in New York his worldly possessions amounted to twelve dollars, a ten dollar bill of which sum he had sewed into his coat sleeve. After he had visited and carefully examined the long coveted exposition, he found employment in the printing office of John N. Green. Some two or three months after this the boy met a man from his own town of Hannibal, and fearing that his whereabouts would be reported, he

suddenly took his departure for Philadelphia. He secured work in the office of the *Ledger* and other newspapers, and remained in the Quaker city for several months. While here, as a result of taking the part of a poor boy who was imposed upon by a fireman, he was severely beaten by the latter, so that "he resembled Lisbon after the earthquake," to quote his own language. One day he made up his mind that he had seen enough of the world in the Eastern States, and, with his ten dollars still sewed in his coat sleeve, he started westward, having in view his Missouri home. He tarried awhile in Cincinnati, Louisville and other river towns, and finally arrived in St. Louis. He was at this time seventeen years of age, and his longings and ambitions for river life returned. "I first wanted to be a cabin boy," he says, "and then a deck hand who stood on the end of the stage plank with a coil of rope in his hand, because he was particularly conspicuous. But these were only day-dreams—they were too heavenly to be

contemplated as real possibilities. * * I said I never would come home again till I was a pilot and could come in glory. But somehow I could not manage it. I went meekly aboard a few boats that lay packed together like sardines at the long St. Louis wharf, and very humbly inquired for the pilots, but got only a cold shoulder and short words from mates and clerks. But I was ashamed to go home. * * * I was in Cincinnati and I set to work to map out a new career. I had been reading about the recent explorations of the River Amazon by an expedition sent out by our government. It was said that the expedition, owing to difficulties, had not thoroughly explored a part of the country lying about the head-waters, some four thousand miles from the mouth of the river. It was only about fifteen hundred miles from Cincinnati to New Orleans where I could doubtless get a ship. I had thirty dollars left. I would go on and complete the exploration of the Amazon. I packed my valise, and took passage on an ancient

tub, called the Paul Jones, for New Orleans. For the sum of sixteen dollars I had the scarred and tarnished splendors of 'her' main saloon principally to myself, for she was not a creature to attract the eye of wiser travelers. When we presently got under way, and went poking down the broad Ohio, I became a new being, and the subject of my own admiration. I was a traveler. A word had never tasted so good in my mouth before. * * I kept my hat off all the time, and stayed where the wind and the sun could strike me, because I wanted to get a bronzed and weather-beaten look of an old traveler. Before the second day was half gone, I experienced a joy which filled me with the purest gratitude; for I saw that the skin had begun to blister and peel off my neck and face. I wished that the boys and girls at home could see me now.

"'After two weeks the Paul Jones reached New Orleans, and the young traveler discovered two things. One was that a vessel would not be likely to sail

for the mouth of the Amazon under ten or twelve years; and the other was that the nine or ten dollars still left in my pocket would not suffice for so imposing an exploration as I had planned, even if I could afford to wait for a ship. Therefore it followed that I must contrive a new career. The Paul Jones was now bound for St. Louis. I planned a siege against my pilot, and at the end of three hard days he surrendered. He agreed to teach me the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis for five hundred dollars, payable out of the first wages I should receive after graduating. I entered upon the small enterprise of 'learning' twelve or thirteen hundred miles of the great Mississippi river with the easy confidence of my time of life. If I had really known what I was about to require of my faculties, I should not have had the courage to begin.'"

"The work proved hard and discouraging for the youth, but he finally reached the desired position of pilot; and had the proud satisfaction of receiving two hun-

dred and fifty dollars per month. Here he remained for five years, till he was twenty-six, when the growth of railroads and the Civil War made piloting unprofitable."

An old steamboatman, Captain H. E. Bixby, furnishes the following interesting reminiscences of Mark Twain's experience of a pilot: "In 1852 I was chief pilot on the Paul Jones, a boat that made occasional trips from Pittsburg to New Orleans. One day a tall, angular, hoosier-like young fellow, whose limbs appeared to be fastened with leather hinges, entered the pilot house, and in a peculiar, drawling voice said:

" 'Good mawnin, sir. Don't you want to take er piert young fellow and teach 'im how to be er pilot?'

" 'No sir; there is more bother about it than it's worth.'

" 'I wish you would, mister. I'm er printer by trade, but it don't 'pear to 'gree with me, and I'm on my way to Central America for my health. I believe

I'll make a tolerable good pilot, 'cause I like the river.'

"'What makes you pull your words that way?'

"'I don't know, mister; you'll have to ask my ma. She pulls hern too. Ain't there some way that we can fix it, so that you'll teach me how to be er pilot?'

"'The only way is for money.'

"'How much are you going to charge?'

"'Well, I'll teach you the river for $500.

"'Gee whillikens! he! he! I ain't got $500, but I've got five lots in Keokuk, Iowa, and 2,000 acres of land in Tennessee that is worth two bits an acre any time. You can have that if you want it.'

"I told him I did not care for his land, and after talking awhile he agreed to pay $100 in cash, $150 in twelve months and the balance when he became a pilot. He was with me for a long time, but sometimes took occasional trips with other pilots. He was always drawling out dry jokes, but then we did not pay any attention to him."

Upon the western rivers the occurrence of sand bars, together with snags and other obstructions, require constant watchfulness on the part of those who run the boats, and frequent soundings in shallow places. Upon approaching a sand bar or shallow, the captain takes his stand upon the edge of the hurricane deck, in front of the pilot house, while one of the crew stands at the bow to cast the lead and give the soundings to the captain, who repeats them to the pilot. When the line man draws up the lead and finds the water down two feet, he sings out "by the mark twain," or as is more frequently the case, simply "mark twain." The captain repeats to the pilot, and it becomes the latter to mind his helm; but as the length of the line below the water increases, he gives out the soundings in a constantly increasing joyous tone, singing out, "three feet" or "four feet" in a sing-song cadence, until all danger is passed and the line is laid away. This specimen of Mississippi river vernacular "Mark Twain" was in

his later years adopted by Samuel L. Clemens as a nom de plume.

III.

IN NEVADA AND CALIFORNIA.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mark Twain was a regularly employed pilot on the river steamboat Alonzo Childs. He remained at the wheel until the craft was converted into a Confederate ram, the opening of the war having put an end to profitable piloting.

Young Clemens at the age of twenty-four years, returned to Hannibal, and enlisted as a three months' volunteer in the Confederate army under General Price.

In a magazine article printed some years since he related his experiences as a soldier, in a paper entitled "The Pri-

vate History of a Campaign that Failed." The following is his account of the organization of the company:

"I was visiting in the small town where my boyhood had been spent—Hannibal, Marion County. Several of us got together in a secret place by night and formed ourselves into a military company. One Tom Lyman, a young fellow of a good deal of spirit but of no military experience, was made captain; I was made second lieutenant. We had no first lieutenant; I do not know why; it was long ago. There were fifteen of us. By the advice of an innocent connected with the organization, we called ourselves the Marion Rangers. I do not remember that any one found fault with the name. I did not; I thought it sounded quite well. The young fellow who proposed this title was perhaps a fair sample of the kind of stuff we were made of. He was young, ignorant, good-natured, well-meaning, trivial, full of romance, and given to reading chivalric novels and singing forlorn love-ditties. He had

some pathetic little nickel-plated aristocratic instincts, and detested his name, which was Dunlap; detested it, partly because it was nearly as common in that region as Smith, but mainly because it had a plebeian sound to his ear. So he tried to ennoble it by writing it in this way: *d' Unlap*. That contented his eye, but left his ear unsatisfied, for people gave the new name the same old pronunciation—emphasis on the front end of it. He proved useful to us in his way; he named our camps for us, and he generally struck a name that was 'no slouch,' as the boys said."

Having been a pilot, and therefore knowing the channel and being familiar with the points where steamboats would have to hug the shore, Lieutenant Clemens was detailed to special duty on the river. He was captured and paroled. Being captured a second time, he was sent to St. Louis, and imprisoned in a tobacco warehouse. He got to thinking the matter over—the possibility of being sent to Grant's army, by which he was

first captured, to be exchanged, and by which, if recognized, he would certainly be shot for a violation of his parole. He finally succeeded in making his escape and started westward.

President Lincoln had appointed James W. Nye as Governor of Nevada, and Orion Clemens, an older brother of Samuel, was selected as Territorial Secretary by the President. Sam joined his brother at Carson City in the capacity of private secretary, but fearing that the influence of his brother would not be sufficient to save him if he should be recognized by passing officers or soldiers of the Union army, he did not remain long in Carson, but pushed on to an out of the way mining camp, called Aurora, where he remained until he fancied the storm had blown over. While in Aurora he wrote a series of letters to the Virginia City *Enterprise*, which subsequently resulted in his obtaining an editorial position upon that journal.

Nevada, at that time, was swarming with adventurers. Bankrupt tradesmen

were flocking there from other territories. College graduates, tired of grubbing for Greek roots, went there to grub for gold and silver. Murderers and thieves, escaped from justice, gamblers and the outcasts from the cities joined the throng and society became very lively in the mining towns of the territory. The fashionable ornaments of the day consisted of an eight inch revolver, an Arkansas toothpick and jack boots.

In the mining regions Mark Twain passed through divers experiences. He worked at day's wages in a quartz mill, and was explorer and prospector. Many of his sketches, afterward incorporated, in "The Jumping Frog" and "Roughing It," were published at that time in local or Eastern journals. Once for the space of a few moments, he owned the famous Comstock lode, and was worth millions. He found out all this after he had sold the claim.

During the winter of 1861-2 he returned to Carson City for a time. There was little doing at the territorial capital, and

in the rear of Governor Nye's private office was a comfortable room, where Clemens and the other attaches of the offices wiled away the winter days at cards and story telling.

In the spring of 1862 he accepted the local editorship of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, and upon that paper utilized for the first time his pseudonym of "Mark Twain." He perpetrated many broad and practical jokes through his paper. His sharp pen caused a man named Willis, then city editor of the Virginia *Union* to hunting up his record. This resulted in Clemens sending Willis a challenge to mortal combat. Willis would not accept, for he said he would not meet any one on the field of honor except a man of honor. His best man then challenged Clemens, but he too declined on the same ground given by Willis. At that time dueling had just been made popular by a meeting between Tom Fitch, the silver-tongued orator, and Joseph T. Goodman, editor of the *Enterprise*. But the matter was dropped,

and Mark Twain and Willis never met upon the field of honor.

"About the year 1863," says Robert Fulford, "I was a printer on the Virginia City *Enterprise*, and Mark was on the local staff. Mark and I roomed together across the 'divide' in a place known as Gold Hill, about a mile from Virginia City. He was a droll, dry sort of a fellow, delighted in practical jokes, and the boys had to be constantly on the alert for fear of some new scheme he would spring upon them."

A club of good fellows was organized in Virginia City by Mark Twain, Dan De Quille, Frank May, Louis Aldrich and others, under the name of the "Visigoths," and they carried their practical jokes to such an extent that they gained a somewhat unfavorable reputation.

While in Virginia City, some miners came down from Calaveras, and told Mark Twain about the miners there loading a frog up with shot. And it was a fact. In those days the men in the camps would bet about anything, and

one day they got to betting about how far some frogs could jump. They conceived the idea of filling one of the rival frogs with shot, and did it, and the frog couldn't jump. Mark wrote out the story for the *Enterprise*, and in this way "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras" first saw the light of day.

Many interesting anecdotes are told of the humorist's life in Virginia City, and he tells one himself of how the funniest thing he ever wrote came to an untimely end and was lost to the world through the interferance of an "editorial" compositor. In Nevada, at that time, it was the custom of the proprietor of every new saloon, to send a basket of his choicest wines to the newspaper office, and for the editor to return the compliment by giving a glowing account of the brilliancy of the affair. A basket of unusually choice wine had been sent to the office one day, from a saloon of a very aristocratic order that was to be opened. Mark was to "write up" the opening. He wrote a few lines in the best of

English and then it began to be badly mixed, and as he represented bottle after bottle as having been sampled, approved and emptied, he drifted into worse and worse confusion, until finally the article was all tangled up, as might be supposed of a man who had drank a basket of mixed wines. When the paper came out Mark could not find his cherished article, but instead found a short paragraph setting forth in the most commonplace way, that a basket of wines had been received from Mr.——, and that they were very fine, etc. Mark was mad and found that one of the printers was responsible. The fellow said he could not make head or tail of the copy, and thought Mr. Clemens must have been drunk when he wrote it, so he tore it up and substituted the paragraph. The humorist mourned long for the loss of the article which he could not reproduce, and to this day believes that it was the most brilliant of any of his productions, even before or since.

During this period in his career, Mark

gave to the world many of the short humorous sketches that made him famous. He had already acquired a name on the Pacific Coast, and his newspaper articles were beginning to attract attention east of the Rocky Mountains. Among these sketches were "The Undertaker's Chat," "The Petrified Man," and "The Marvelous 'Bloody Massacre.'" Some of the quaintest and brightest things which have appeared under his name originally enlivened the pages of the *Enterprise* with its crimson catalogue of murders, duels and Judge Lynch executions.

In 1863 the Gould and Curry mine on the Comstock paid dividends amounting to $100 to $150 a share. Whenever a dividend was declared, the San Francisco *Bulletin*, after announcing the fact, would add: "Wonder if this dividend was cooked?" A certain San Francisco capitalist, being in Virginia City one day after one of these monthly queries, told the cause of them. It is a fact that one mining company had hired money and declared a dividend. This was the Dana

mine, which never had a foot of ore, but the dividend raised the price of the stock to a respectable figure, at which the owners thereof disposed of their stock. This San Francisco capitalist stated that this swindle had caught the proprietors of that journal somewhat heavily. "But," he added, "if the *Bulletin* wants to find a company nearer home which is borrowing money to pay dividends, I can give you an instance in point. The Spring Valley Water Company has hired money to pay its two last dividends, and all the big fish are getting out and letting the little fish in. Perhaps that might attract that journal's indignation also."

Twain and another writer employed on the *Enterprise* counseled together on the improbability of a plain notice of the fact of the Spring Valley Water Company's hiring money to pay dividends—made, as it must be, in a country journal—would attract any notice whatever in the metropolitan press. Accordingly, in order to overcome the difficulty surrounding the "country" location, the matter was held

under advisement for one day, much to the disgust of the San Francisco capitalist.

On the second day Mark announced that he had surmounted the "country" difficulty, and, sure enough, he had. Accordingly, in the local columns of the *Enterprise* the next morning appeared an account of a terrible tragedy that had been committed in "the great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch Nick's" the day before. The story went on to state that a man named Hopkins, who resided there, and who had owned millions in the Comstock, had been induced to sell out his entire mining interests by a relative of his, who was one of the editors of the *Bulletin*. By the same advise he had invested every dollar in the Spring Valley Water Company, and, on learning that its two last dividends had been paid with borrowed money, he became so violently nsane, that he murdered his wife and thirteen children, under the impression that they would come to immediate want.

The next day Mark published a card in which he took it all back except the

way the money had been procured to pay the dividends, and adding that "it took a fearful tragedy to get any truth into a San Francisco newspaper anyhow."

J. H. Stebbins, an old time printer, relates the following incident of Twain's life in Virginia City: "Clemens was local reporter on *The Enterprise*, and I was a printer on the same paper. Clemens was writing humorous sketches, but his fame as a humorist was young yet. He was an inveterate smoker, and smoked the foulest-smelling pipe in Virginia City by all odds. Clemens' office was just off the composing-room, and although printers, as a rule, are not squeamish about pipes and things, this pipe was breeding a revolution. It smelled so infernally bad that we always spoke of it as 'The Remains.' There were numerous plots suggested to get The Remains' out of the way, but we hesitated about putting them into execution when we learned that it was a pipe of considerable value, and one that he cherished on account of its associations or

something. It was clear, however, that something had to be done, and we finally concluded to present Clemens with a new pipe. We had suffered so much from the old pipe of a thousand smells that we felt justified in making him the victim of a joke, if we could, and so we scoured the town and bought the cheapest pipe we could find that would pass after night for a good one. I think it cost thirty cents. One night, after we had the paper up, we all filed solemnly out into the local-room and presented Clemens with the pipe. We threw as much ceremony into the presentation as possible. One of the boys made an address that was really affecting. He talked about the toilers in the profession of journalism, their long nights of labor when all the rest of the world was wrapped in peaceful slumber. Then he worked in some of the poetry about tobacco and the solace it afforded the tired brain. He spoke of the warm friendship that existed between the local department and the composing-room, and hoped nothing would ever

occur to sever these silken ties. Then he handed him the twenty-five-cent fraud, wiped his fingers through his eyes and sat down.

"Clemens was knocked completely out for a time, but he pulled himself together and returned his thanks in a very feeling manner. He said the pretty gift from his co-workers on the paper touched him deeply, and he would retain it long as a souvenir of pleasant days. The old pipe had long been a friend and companion. It had been a comforter in lonely hours; but this handsome gift from friends he loved made the parting easy, and as a climax to his remarks he threw the ill-smelling old-timer out of the window. We accepted his invitation to go down-stairs with him, and knowing the miserable swindle we had perpetrated, every dollar he spent gave us a pang.

"The very next night, while Clemens was smoking his new pipe, the bowl of the cussed thing split open from stem to stern. We heard him growling to himself, and looking out of a hole in the wall

through which he shoved copy, we saw him brushing the ashes off his desk and clothes and swearing softly in a very picturesque manner. He didn't say a word to us about the pipe or its fate, and you bet we said nothing to him. It was evident, however, that he had done some thinking, for he appeared at the office next night complacently smoking 'The Remains.' He had gone down into the back yard and hunted it up."

From Virginia City, Mark Twain drifted as a matter of course to San Francisco—the harbor of all adventurers on the coast. He was in a chronic state of impecuniosity when he arrived at the Golden Gate. He had furnished some correspondence to the *Morning Call* from Nevada, and to the office of that newspaper he immediately betook himself. He wanted work and money. He wore a ragged felt hat, a soldier's blue overcoat, and pantaloons which had formed a passing acquaintance with the tops of his boots. George Barnes, who was at that time editor of the *Call*, told him to go

to work the next day, and gave him an order on the business office for money enough to make himself look respectable. The next day Twain took possession of his chair, and for six weary months Barnes tried to get some work out of him.

At the end of that time, in his good-natured way, he tried to let Mark down and out easily and politely, by saying to him, "Mark, don't you think you are wasting your time and talents in doing local work?"

"What do you mean?" said Mark.

"Why, I think with your style and talent you could make more money writing for first-class magazines than in such work as you are doing now."

"That means that you don't want me any more, I suppose?" and he put his feet on the desk and smiled blandly at Barnes.

"Well, I think you are better fitted for that class of work."

"The fact is you have come to the conclusion that I am not the kind of a man you want."

"Well, if you will have it," said Barnes. "You are not. You are the laziest, most shiftless, good-for-nothing specimen I ever saw around a newspaper office. I have tried for six months to get some work out of you and failed, and I have come to the conclusion that it is useless to keep you any longer."

"Barnes," replied Twain, in his most placid manner, "you are not as smart a man as I thought you were. You have been six months in finding that out, and I knew it the day I came to work. Give us an order on the office for three days' pay and I git."

One of the printers employed upon the *Call* at the time, furnishes the following reminiscence:

"One evening Clemens came into our room where we were shining our boots.

"What's up, boys?" he asked.

"We're going to the theatre."

"But it's not seven yet, you've plenty of time," said Clemens, sitting down on the corner of the bed. "I want to tell you a good story," and he proceeded to

entertain us with an account of his latest practical joke. This reminded him of a personal experience on a steamboat, which in turn led to a graphic description of his life on the Mississippi. He talked on without pause, holding our closest interest, by his artful blending of humor, pathos, vivid description and thrilling incident, until at length, breaking off suddenly, he said with a laugh:

"Well, boys, if you're going to the theater, it's time you were off."

"We drew our watches. It was eleven o'clock."

His love for practical joking while living in California, called forth the following from a San Francisco paper some years ago:

"There have been moments in the lives of various kind-hearted and respectable citizens of California and Nevada, when, if Mark Twain were before them as members of a vigilance committee for any mild crime, such as mule-stealing or arson, it is to be feared his shrift would have been short. What a dramatic

picture the idea conjures up, to be sure! Mark, before those honest men, infuriated by his practical jokes, trying to show them what an innocent creature he was when it came to mules, or how the only policy of fire insurance he held had lapsed, how void of guile he was in any direction, and all with that inimitable drawl, that perplexed countenance, and the peculiar scraping back of the left foot, like a boy speaking his first piece at school. It is but fair to say that the fun that Mark mixed up for citizens in those days was not altogether appreciated in the midst of it, for some one, touched too sharply, *surge bat amari aliquid*, and Mark had another denouncer joined to the wounded throng."

"I think I may justly claim to having kept Mark Twain in the realms of literature," said General John McComb to the writer not long ago. "In 1864 Mark Twain was city editor of the *Morning Call*. In those days the city editor of a San Francisco newspaper had something else to do than sit at his desk, make out

details and read copy. Mark used generally to look out for the late police news, would report a lecture or anything that came to hand. I think the local staff then consisted of himself and one reporter. Things did not go exactly to Mark's liking; he detested police reporting, and would not go to the City Hall any oftener than he was obliged to. He was out of his sphere, he thought, and, as a consequence, used to be disatisfied with the world in general and newspaper work in particular. One morning I met him at the corner of Clay and Montgomery Streets. We stopped, shook hands, and he said:

"'Mac, I've done my last newspaper work; I'm going back East.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Well," he replied, "I've been trying to get out of this work a long while. Sometime since I made application through some friends at Washington, for an appointment as Government pilot on the Mississippi River. I have just received notification that my application

was successful. The salary is $300 per month, and it is not hard work."

"I was a great deal surprised and disappointed. Clemens and I had become warm friends, and I had conceived a high regard for his literary ability, although I could see he was more or less hampered by his surroundings. I determined to do what I could to cause him to reconsider his determination. With this object in view I said to him: 'Sam, you are making the mistake of your life. There is a better place for you than a Mississippi steamboat. You have a style of writing that is fresh and original and is bound to be popular. If you don't like the treadmill work of a newspaper man, strike up higher; write sketches, write a book; you'll find a market for your stuff, and in time you'll be appreciated and get more money than you can standing alongside the wheel of a steamboat. There's nothing in this pilot business either. You say you are to get $300 a month—that's in greenbacks you remember. Now $300 in greenbacks won't

go a great way as you know. Then again, the war will be over in a little while and where'll you be? You will be thrown out of Government employ and you'll have to fight for work with a lot of older and more experienced men. If you succeed, what will happen? You'll be a river pilot all the rest of your days; and you know what that is. No, Sam, don't you drop your pen now, stick to it, and it will make your fortune."

"He listened very attentively to what I had said, and I saw that I had made an impression. He said he would think it over, shook my hand and passed on down Clay Street. The next day he came into my office and the first thing he said was: 'Now, Mac, I've taken your advice. I thought it all over last night, and finally I wrote to Washington declining the appointment, and so I'll stick to the newspaper work a while longer."

On one occasion Clemens was standing at the corner of Clay and Montgomery Streets, leaning against a lamp post and holding a cigar box under his arm. Mrs.

Captain Edward Poole, a very beautiful woman, and as bright and witty as beautiful, came along and stopped and held out her hand, saying: "Why, Mark, where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I'm m-o-o-v-ing," drawled Mark, at the same time opening the cigar box disclosing a pair of blue socks, a pipe and two paper collars.

He never cared for the ladies, was in fact a fish out of water when he happened to be near them. While employed on the daily *Alta*, he called at a dressmaker's establishment, and for ten minutes addressed a wax figure of a lady, before discovering his mistake.

In the spring of 1865 he became interested with Bret Harte in the conduct of the *Californian*. While sub-editor of that magazine he produced many sketches of merit which were widely copied in the Eastern press.

In a series of articles entitled "Answers to Correspondents," contributed to the *Californian*, appeared the following:

'Simon Wheeler,' *Sonora*.—The fol-

lowing simple and touching remarks and accompanying poem have just come to hand from the rich gold-mining region of Sonora:

"'*To Mr. Mark Twain:* The within parson, which I have sot to poetry under the name and style of 'He Done His Level Best,' was one among the whitest men I ever see, and it ain't every man that knowed him that can find it in his heart to say he's glad the poor cuss is busted and gone home to the States. He was here in an early day, and he was the handyest man about takin' holt of anything that come along you most ever see, I judge. He was a cheerful, stirrin' cretur,' always doin' something, and no man can say he ever see him do anything by halvers. Preachin' was his natural gait, but he warn't a man to lay back and twidle his thums because there didn't happen to be nothin' doin' in his own especial line—no, sir, he was a man who would meander forth and stir up something for hisself. His last acts was to go to his pile o' 'kings-*and*' (calklatin'

to fill but which he didn't fill) when there was a 'flush' out agin him, and naturally, you see, he went under. And so he was cleaned out, as you may say, and he struck the home-trail, cheerful but flat broke. I knowed this talented man in Arkansaw, and if you would print this humbly tribute to his gorgis abilities, you would greatly obleege his onhappy friend.'

"He Done His Level Best.

"Was he mining on the flat—
  He done it with a zest;
Was he a leading of the choir—
  He done his level best.

If he'd a reg'lar task to do,
  He never took no rest;
Or if 'twas off-and-on—the same—
  He done his level best.

If he was preachin' on his beat,
  He'd tramp from east to west,
And north to south—in cold and heat
  He done his level best.

He'd yank a sinner outen (Hades),*
  And land him with the blest;
Then snatch a prayer'n waltz in again,
  And do his level best.

He'd cuss and sing and howl and pray,
And dance and drink and jest,
And lie and steal—all one to him—
He done his level best.

Whate'er this man was sot to do,
He done it with a zest;
No matter what his contract was,
He'd do his level best.

'October, 1865.'

"Verily this man was gifted with 'gorgis abilities,' and it is a happiness to me to embalm the memory of their lustre in these columns. If it were not that the poet crop is unusually large and rank in California this year, I would encourage you to continue writing, Simon; but as it is, perhaps it might be too risky in you to enter against so much opposition."

The nomadic taint ran riot in the blood of both Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and they one day deserted the *Californian*, and started inland for another delusive experiment in mining for gold. On returning to San Francisco, Clemens found his health failing and made arrangements to go to the Sandwich Islands as a newspaper correspondent. Before his departure

he held his first interview with Artemus Ward, the published report of which was widely quoted.

He sailed in 1866 for Honolulu. There was a wedding on board the vessel, and Mark gave away the bride. The groom was greatly vexed over the absence of a wedding ring, when Mark reached up and pulled off one of the huge curtain rings large enough to go around the girl's two arms. He held it in position on her finger at the proper time, and as she was a remarkably pretty girl he took good care to exercise his privilege of kissing her at the close.

Arriving in Honolulu, he proceeded to write up the sugar plantations, and descriptions of life and character on the islands. His letters were very readable.

They were mostly published in the Sacramento *Union*. He wrote, among other things, a most thrilling description of a burning crater some miles around, full of white and red heated crystal fire caverns and crimson lava.

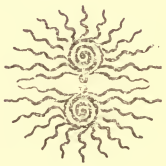
There is a touch of wondrous beauty

in his picture of the Sandwich Islands written some years after:

"No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong, charm for me but that one, no other land could so longingly and so beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun, the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by its shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes. I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago. And these world wanderers who sit before us here have lately looked upon these things! and with eyes of flesh, not the unsatisfying vision of the spirit. I envy them that!"

The climate of Hawaii soon restored

him to perfect health, and after an absence of two months, he returned to San Francisco, with renewed spirits, and with his world-wide fame still before him.



IV.

ONE OF THE "INNOCENTS."

During the winter months of 1866-7, a coterie of bright journalists eked out a miserable existence in San Francisco. Prominent among the Bohemians who lunched together at the Miners' Restaurant were Charles Warren Stoddard, F. Bret Harte, Charles H. Webb, Prentice Mulford and Mark Twain. None of these gentlemen were quite so poor and needy as Sam Clemens, who on several occasions ventured upon the dangerous border land of starvation. One day a comedian from a local theatre approached Mark on the street:

"See here, Clemens," said he, "I need a half-dozen good jokes. Get 'em up and I'll give you five dollars."

"Sorry, old man," answered Mark, thoughtfully, "but I'm afraid the scheme won't work."

"Why not?"

"Well, the fact is, I'm so d——d poor, if I was found with $5 on my person people would say I stole them; on the other hand, if you got off any decent jokes people would say you stole them, too."

In January 1867, Stoddard and Mulford gave several successful public entertainments in San Francisco, and fired with ambition, Mark Twain started forth upon a lecture tour through the smaller cities of California and Nevada. In those days most any sort of an entertainment brought out a crowd, and when it was announced one day in Carson City that Mark was to deliver a lecture for the benefit of something or other, at the Episcopal Church, it was generally un-

derstood that the house would be crowded.

"Well, the night arrived," writes a friend who was present. "Mark ascended the steps into the pulpit about 8 o'clock, there being a whole lot of the boys and young women, friends of his, as well as a good many old people in front. Mark made a very polite bow, and then unfolded a gigantic roll of brown paper. People thought at first it was a map, but it turned out to be his lecture written on great sheets of grocers' brown paper, with an ordinary grocers' marking brush. After his bow he turned his back around to the audience and craned his head up to the lamp and thus read from the big sheets as though it would be impossible for him to see any other way.

"The lecture was on 'The Future of Nevada,' and was the funniest thing I ever heard. He prophesied the great era of prosperity that was before us and sought to encourage us residents of the sagebrush region by foretelling what

appeared to be Golconda-like tales of impossible mineral discoveries. Right on the heels of it, however, came the remarkable discoveries of Virginia City, and then we thought he wasn't so far off in his humorous productions. Many a time have I thought of that lecture of Mark Twain. It ought to have been published. I have read all his books, and I never saw anything in any of them better than this."

For several months Mr. Clemens continued this platform experience with profit, the while writing interesting letters to the Eastern newspapers and contributing sketches to the periodicals. In March 1867, he published his first book, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," a collection of his best fugitive sketches, and this immediately aroused public attention, not only in America but also in England.

Soon after he sailed for New York by way of Panama, and upon arriving there, having found that his little volume was well received, arranged for an English

edition, which was published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons of London.

From New York Mark proceeded to Washington, where he endeavored to earn his living by writing letters to the San Francisco *Alta*, and delivering a lecture or two. His lecture experience in Washington was brief but interesting, and he tells all about it in his inimical way, as follows:

"Well, now, I'll have to tell you something about that lecture. It was a little the hardest and roughest experience I ever underwent in my whole career as a lecturer. Now, I had not been in Washington more than a day or two before a friend of mine came to my room at the hotel early one morning, wakened me out of a sound sleep, and nearly stunned me by asking if I was aware of the fact that I was to deliver a lecture at Lincoln hall that evening. I told him no, and that he must be crazy to get out of bed at such an unseemly hour to ask such a foolish question. But he soon assured me that he was perfectly sane by

showing me the morning papers, which all announced that Mark Twain was to lecture that evening and that his subject would be 'The Sandwich Islands.' To say that I was surprised would be putting it mildly. I was mad, for I thought some one had put up a game on me.

"Well, on careful inquiry, I learned that an old theatrical friend of mine thought he would do me a favor. So he made all the necessary arrangements for me to lecture, with the exception of the slight circumstance that he neglected to inform me of any of his intentions. He rented Lincoln hall, billed the town, and sent the newspapers advertisements and notices about the coming lecture. And the worst of it was he had done all his work thoroughly. After learning this I was in a dilemma. I had never prepared any lecture on the Sandwich Islands. What was I to do? I could not back out by telling the people that I was unprepared. No, that was out of the question, because the people wouldn't believe it. The billing of the town had been too well

done for that. So there was only one thing left for me to do, and that was to lock myself in my room and write that lecture between the breakfast hour and half-past seven that evening. Well, I did it, and was on hand at the advertised hour, facing one of the biggest audiences I ever addressed.

"I did not use my manuscript, but in those days I always had my lecture in writing, and kept it on a reading stand at one end of the place where I stood on the platform. I was very good at memorizing, and rarely had any trouble in speaking without notes; but the very fact that I had my manuscript near at hand where I could readily turn to it without having to undergo the mortification of pulling it from my pocket, gave me courage and kept me from making awkward pauses. But the writing of that Sandwich Island lecture in one day was the toughest job ever put on me."

One afternoon while sitting in his dingy little room, smoking his cob pipe, Mark became deeply interested in reading

about the contemplated trip of the steamship "Quaker City" to Europe and the Holy Land, and saw the chance of his life. He wrote to General John McComb, one of the proprietors of the San Francisco *Daily Alta California*, asking for an advance of $1,200 in gold, proposing to pay it in letters at $15 apiece. It was no small request to make of a San Francisco newspaper in the '60's, but McComb induced his partners to grant the request.

That was how Mark Twain formed one of the party who sailed in the steamship "Quaker City," Captain Duncan, for an extended excursion to Palestine and the Holy Land. This voyage to the different seaports of Southern Europe and the Orient gave him an opportunity of which he made abundant use. The excursion was a very exclusive sort of affair, and Captain Duncan is authority for the statement that Clemens had represented himself when he applied for passage on the "Quaker City," as a Baptist minister in ill health, from San Francisco.

Clemens had accompanied the excursion party solely as a newspaper correspondent. He fell in with a crowd of good, respectable Bourgeois and Bourgeoises, and if the exaggerated narrative of the "Innocents Abroad," published two years later, is to be relied upon, he certainly must have kept his pious-minded fellow voyagers in a constant state of nervous excitement.

The story of that eventful tour has been well told in "Innocents Abroad." He set out to explore the Holy Land and Egypt, stopping, by the way, at Athens. His description of the city at night is one of the most vivid vignettes on record.

"The full moon was riding high in the heavens now. We sauntered carelessly and unthinkingly to the edge of the lofty battlements of the citadel, and looked down. A vision!—and such a vision! Athens by moonlight! It lay in the level plain, right under our feet—all spread abroad like a picture, and we looked upon it as we might be looking at it from a balloon. We saw no semblance

of a street, but every house, every window, every clinging vine, every projection were marked as clearly as it were at noonday; and yet there was no glare, no glitter, nothing harsh or repulsive. The harshest city was flooded with the yellowest light that ever streamed from the moon, and seemed like some living creature wrapped in peaceful slumber. On its further side was a little temple, whose delicate pillars and ornate front glowed with a rich lustre that chained the eye like a spell; and nearer by, the palace of the king reared its creamy walls out of the mist of a great garden of shrubbery, that was flecked all over with a random shower of amber lights—a spray of golden sparks that lost their brightness in the glory of the moon, and glinted softly upon the sea of dark foliage like the pallid star of the milky way. Overhead the stately columns, majestic still in their ruin; underfoot, the dreaming city; in the distance, the silver sea. The picture needed nothing. It was perfect."

Equally realistic, vivid and interesting were his sketches of scenes and incidents in Palestine and Egypt. Of his experience with a camel in Syria, he wrote as follows, in a vein of the richest humor:

"In Syria, at the headwaters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye, all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything so good as an overcoat before in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintiest

thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some figpaste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters written for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth; it was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenters' workbench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of

the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public."

The trip of the "Quaker City" was not designed as a lengthy tour of Europe, but merely a midsummer excursion of a few months. Brief as was the voyage, however, Mark Twain made the most of it, and gathered material not only enough in quantity to produce a large volume, but enough in quality to give him everlasting fame.

Returning to New York, he proceeded to Washington, where he commenced a new career, as the special correspondent of newspapers in San Francisco, Chicago, and elsewhere.

V.

HIS FIRST LITERARY SUCCESS.

During the following winter Mark Twain sojourned at the National capital, working at odd moments upon the initial chapter of his "Innocents Abroad." His Bohemian habits were retained in every particular, at least the statement is warranted by a friend who writes of Mark's life at this time:

"His room was a perfect chaos, his table a curiosity in its way. On it could be seen anything—from soiled manuscript to old boots. He never laid his paper on the table when writing, partly because there was no available space and partly because the position so necessitated was

too much for his lazy bones. With both feet plunged in manuscript, chair tilted back and note-book and pencil in hand he did all the writing I ever saw him do. An ordinary atmosphere would not suffice to set in motion the stream of Mark's ideas. It must first be thoroughly saturated with the vilest tobacco smoke, which he puffed from a villainous pipe—said pipe having never received a cleaning — as many newspaper friends of those days can testify. He regarded this pipe as his salvation from bores, taking a ghastly delight in puffing away like a locomotive when an undesirable visitor dropped in, and eagerly watching the paleness which gradually crept over the face of the enemy as the poisonous stuff got in its work."

One day while Mark was busily engaged with his work, in his dingy little room, a tall, sallow-faced man, with a miserable expression of countenance, and a deep, consumptive cough, entered the room and without an invitation sat down. Turning to the visitor, Clemens said:

"Well."

The visitor said "Well."

"What can I do for you?" asked the humorist.

"Well, nothin' in particular. I heard 'em say that you are the man that writes funny things, and as I have several hours to loaf around before the train leaves, I thought I would come around and get you to make me laugh a little. I ain't had a good laugh in many a day, and I didn't know but what you mout accommodate me."

Clemens scowled at the man, who, thinking that the humorist was presenting him with a specimen of facial fun, began to titter.

"That'll do fust rate, cap'n, but I'd ruther hear you talk. I can make a mouth at a man about as easy as any fellow you ever saw, an' w'at I want is a few words from you that'll jolt me like a wagin had backed agin me."

"My friend, I am very busy to-day, and—"

"Yes, I know all that. I am very busy myself, except that I've got about

two hours to loaf, an' as I said jest now, I'd like for you to get off something that I can take home. W'y, I can go around an' git the drinks on it for a week."

"Won't you have a cigar?" asked Clemens, desirous of learning whether the man was a smoker.

"No, I never could stand a seeggah."

The humorist smiled, and taking up his pipe, filled it up with strong tobacco, and began to puff. "I'll keep him in here, now," mused the smoker, "until he is as sick as a dog. I wouldn't consent to his departure, if he was to get down on his knees and pray for deliverance."

"Nothing does a man more good than a hearty laugh," the visitor said, coughing as a cloud of smoke surrounded his head. "Wah, hoo, wah, hoo! Don't you think it is a leetle close in here?"

"Oh, no," replied Mark, arising and locking the door.

"I like a little fresh a'r, 'specially when thar's so much smoke in a room."

"Oh, there's air enough here. How did you leave all the folks?"

"Well, Gabe, my youngest—wah, hoo, wah, hoo—ain't as peart as he mout be, but all the others air stirrin'. You ain't got no chillun, I reckon?"

"No," the humorist replied, as he vigorously puffed his pipe.

"Well, I'm sorry for you. Thar ain't nothin' that adds to a man's nachul enjoyment like chillun. That boy Gabe, what I was talkin' about jest now, w'y, I wouldn't give him up fur the finest yoke of steers you ever seen."

"You wouldn't?"

"No sir, wouldn't tech 'em with a ten-foot pole—would refuse 'em pine blank. Podner, don't you—wah, hoo, wah, hoo—think it's a gettin' a little too clost in here now?"

"No, not a bit, just right."

"Well, I don't know the style in this place, but I'll try an' put up with it.

After a moment's silence the visitor continued:

"When I left home, Mur—that's my wife—said to me, says she, 'Now, say, while you are thar, don't smoke that cob

pipe.' I wanted to follow her advice, but I put my—wah, hoo, wah, hoo,—old fuzee in my jeans, an' now I b'l'eve I'll take a smoke."

He took out a cob pipe, and a twist of new tobacco, known in his neighborhood as "Tough Sam," whittled off a handful, filled his pipe, lighted it, placed his feet on the stove and went to work. Mark soon began to snuff the foul air, but he was determined to stand it. The visitor blew smoke like a tar kiln. Mark grew restless. Beads of cold perspiration began to gather on his brow. Throwing down his pipe, he hastily unlocked the door, and fled. On the sidewalk he met a friend.

"Hello, Clemens, what's the matter?"

Twain related what had occurred.

"Oh, you mean that fellow in brown jeans?"

"Yes."

"You ought to have had better sense than to light your pipe in his presence."

"Why?"

"Because he's a member of the Arkansas Legislature."

William M. Stewart, United States Senator from Nevada, was an acquaintance of the humorist at this time, and some years since, while in a reminiscent mood, related the following: "I knew Mark Twain in Washington, at a time when he was without money. He told me his condition and said he was very anxious to get out his book. He showed me his notes and I saw that they would make a great book and probably bring him in a fortune. I promised that I would 'stake' him until he had the book written. I made him a clerk to my committee in the senate, which paid him $6 per day; then I hired a man for $100 per month to do the work.

"I then had rooms on F street in a house which was kept by an ancient lady. She belonged to an old Southern family whose property was lost during the war of the rebellion. I had three large rooms on the second floor and there was also a hall room. I was very anxious that Sam

should stick to his work until he finished it, as I was almost as much interested as he. I took him to live with me, and gave him the hall room to sleep in. He did his work in the room which I had fixed up as a study. He would work during the day, and in the evening he would read me what he had written, after which he would stroll out about the city for recreation. He usually returned to his hall bedroom about midnight and would sit up until nearly morning, reading, smoking, whistling and singing.

"His noise used to be a source of great annoyance to the landlady. She was very nervous and unable to sleep when any gas was burning in the house. She regarded Sam as a very careless fellow and I don't think she liked him very well. She came to me one morning with her eyes swollen and her appearance altogether betokening a very dilapidated condition. She said she had been unable to sleep all night and that in fact for a week she had been losing sleep. Sam was the cause of all her trouble, and she

told me how he remained up all the night burning gas and creating a rumpus. I informed Sam of the landlady's complaint and told him he ought to go to bed at a reasonable hour and not frighten the old lady. Sam replied that that was all the fun he had, but he promised to mend his ways and I thought no more of the matter.

"In a week the landlady came to me again, and this time with tears in her eyes. She said she knew she was receiving a very handsome rent from me for the rooms, and that she also was aware she could not rent them again during the season, but she was compelled to ask me to give them up on account of the way Mr. Clemens was wearing her life out. I felt truly sorry for the old lady. I called Sam in and repeated to him what the landlady had said. I told him I would thrash him if I ever heard another complaint. I said I did not want to turn him out because I wanted him to finish his book. He made one of his smart replies at the expense of the landlady, and

I told him I would thrash him then and there. He begged in a most pitiful way for me not to do so, and I could not help laughing.

"Seeing that he had gotten me into a good humor again he said that he would not annoy the old woman again, but that he would certainly get even with me for having threatened to thrash him if it took him ten years to do so."

During the winter spent in Washington Mark wrote many newspaper letters and a large number of short, humorous articles. These include "Facts in the Case of the Great Beef Contract," and the account of his resignation as clerk of the senate committee on conchology. He also wrote "Riley—Newspaper Correspondent" which attracted a vast amount of attention and was liberally quoted.

In March, 1868, he sailed for San Francisco, for the purpose of arranging some trivial business matter on the Pacific Coast. He was absent about five months returning to New York about August. While in California and on board the

steamship en route, he completed the manuscript of his "Innocents Abroad, or the New Pilgrim Progress."

Meanwhile the San Francisco *Alta* had secured copyright upon Mr. Clemens' letters from the Holy Land. General John McComb, always the friend of the struggling author, finally persuaded his partners in the *Alta* office to surrender the copyright, and Mark Twain became the owner of "The Innocents Abroad."

In New York, upon his return from San Francisco, he resumed his newspaper correspondence, and in a letter to the Chicago *Republican*, dated New York, August 17, 1868, he devoted three columns to an account of his return voyage from California. He carefully reviewed the matter of California immigration, and the changes that had taken place in San Francisco since his previous visit. He described the Panama Canal, and vividly portrayed life and character in Central America. Here is an amusing extract from his letter:

"Possibly you know that they have a

'revolution' in Central America every time the moon changes. All you have to do is to get out in the street, in Panama or Aspinwall, and give a whoop, and the thing is done. Shout, down with the Administration! and up with somebody else, and revolution follows. Nine-tenths of the people break for home, slam the doors behind them, and get under the bed. The other tenth go and overturn the Government and banish the officials, from president down to notary public. Then for the next thirty days they inquire anxiously of all comers what sort of a stir their little shivaree made in Europe and America! By that time the next revolution is ready to be touched off, and out *they* go."

From this letter it appears that he had visited Hartford, where in the golden future, he was to take up his permanent residence. In closing the letter to the Chicago *Republican* he wrote:

"I have been about ten days in Hartford, and shall return there before very long. I think it must be the handsomest

city in the Union in summer. It is the moneyed center of the State; and one of its capitals, also, for Connecticut is so law-abiding, and so addicted to law, that there is not room enough in one city to manufacture all of the articles they need. Hartford is the place where the insurance companies all live. They use some of the houses for dwellings. The others are for insurance offices. So it is easy to see that there is quite a spirit of speculative enterprise there. Many of the inhabitants have retired from business, but the others labor along in the old customary way, as presidents of insurance companies."

In 1868-9 Clemens was living at the Everett House in New York city. Having completed his "Innocents Abroad," he looked about for a publisher. His visit to Hartford early in August, was for the purpose of confering with a publisher there, but he had met with but little encouragement. He next tried a dozen publishing houses in New York, but in vain. He sent his manuscript to other

publishers in Boston and Philadelphia with like success. Somewhat disheartened he laid the book away in his room.

One day he was entertaining the late Albert D. Richardson in his apartment. In a self-disgusted mood he handed Richardson his manuscript, to see if his friend thought it so irredeemably bad. Richardson read it, pronounced it very clever; full of the extravagant drollery which the American people relish, and expressed his astonishment that any publisher of intelligence and experience should have declined it.

"You can't be any more astonished than I am," remarked Clemens, dryly. "These publishers have astonished as much conceit out of me as a long seige of sea-sickness."

Richardson, who had published several books through the American Publishing Company, said that he was going to Hartford, that he would take the manuscript with him, and that he was sure the company would be glad to publish it. He kept his promise and placed the man-

uscript in the hands of Mr. Bliss, then secretary of the company, who was pleased with it. But some of the other officers and directors were averse, and made so many objections that Bliss finally declared that he would publish the volume on his own account. This caused some of the others to yield, and "Innocents Abroad" was issued, but under protest, and many misgivings as to its financial success.

The result is well known. The book made Mark Twain famous. The sale, including pirated editions, reached 200,000 copies. The American Company cleared in the neighborhood of $75,000 by the publication. Mark was crazed with joy. He wrote to his old friend, Captain Bixby, of the steamboat Paul Jones:

"Thirty tons of paper have been used in publishing my book 'Innocents Abroad.' It has met with a greater sale than any book ever published, except 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The volumes sell from $3 to $5 according to finish, and I

get one-half the profit. Not so bad, for a scrub pilot, is it? How do you run Plum Point—a son-of-gun of a place? I would rather be a pilot than anything I ever tried."

The London *Saturday Review* of October 8, 1869, reviewed "Innocents Abroad" at great length, along with other volumes, as a book of travel. The review was written most seriously, and one could imagine the delight of the humorist in reading this tribute to his power. In fact the review so amused Mark Twain that he himself wrote a long burlesque on the *Saturday Review* criticism, in which he said:

"To say that 'Innocents Abroad' is a curious book would be to use the faintest language—would be to speak of the Matterhorn as a neat elevation, or of Niagara as being 'nice' or 'pretty.' 'Curious' is too tame a word wherewith to describe the imposing insanity of this work. There is no word that is large enough or long enough. Let us, therefore, photograph a passing glimpse of book and

author, and trust the rest to the reader. Let the cultivated English student of human nature picture to himself this Mark Twain as a person capable of doing the following-described things—and not only doing them, but with incredible innocence printing them calmly and tranquilly in a book. For instance—

"He states that he entered a hairdresser's in Paris to get shaved, and the first 'rake' the barber gave with his razor, it loosened his 'hide' and lifted him out of the chair.

"This is unquestionably exaggerated. In Florence he was so annoyed by beggars that he pretends to have seized and eaten one in a frantic spirit of revenge. There is, of course, no truth in this. He gives at full length a theatrical programme seventeen or eighteen hundred years old, which he professes to have found in the ruins of the Coliseum among the dirt, and mould and rubbish. It is a sufficient comment upon this statement to remark that even a cast-iron programme would not have lasted so long under the circum-

stances. In Greece he plainly betrays both fright and flight upon one occasion, but with frozen effrontery puts the latter in this falsely tame form:—'We sidled towards the Piræus.' 'Sidled,' indeed! He did not hesitate to intimate that at Ephesus, when his mule strayed from the proper course, he got down, took him under his arm, carried him to the road again, pointed him right, remounted, and went to sleep contentedly till it was time to restore the beast to the path once more. He states that a growing youth among his ship's passengers was in the constant habit of appeasing his hunger with soap and oakum between meals. In Palestine he tells of ants that came eleven miles to spend the summer in the desert and brought their provisions with them; yet he shows by his description of the country that the feat was an impossibility. He mentions, as if it were the most common-place matter, that he cut a Moslem in two in broad daylight in Jerusalem with Godfrey de Bouillon's sword, and would have shed more blood if he

had had a grave-yard of his own. These statements are unworthy a moment's attention. Mr. Twain or any other foreigner who did such a thing in Jerusalem would be mobbed, and would infallibly lose his life. But why go on? Why repeat more of his audacious and exasperating falsehoods? Let us close fittingly with this one: he affirms that 'in the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, I got my feet so stuck up with a complication of gums, slime, and general impunity that I wore out more than two thousand pair of bootjacks getting my boots off that night, and even then some Christian hide peeled off with them.' It is monstrous. Such statements are simply lies—there is no other name for them. Will the reader longer marvel at the brutal ignorance that pervades the American nation.

"In another place he commits the bald absurdity of putting the phrase 'tare an ouns' into an Italian mouth. In Rome he unhesitatingly believes the legend that St. Philip Neri's heart was so in-

flamed with divine love that it burst his ribs—believes it wholly, because an author with a learned list of university degrees strung after his name endorses it —'otherwise,' says the gentle idiot, 'I should have felt a curiosity to know what Philip had for dinner.' Our author makes a long, fatiguing journey to the Grotto del Cane, on purpose to test its poisoning powers on a dog—got elaborately ready for the experiment, and then discovered that he had no dog. A wiser person would have kept such a thing discreetly to himself, but with this harmless creature everything comes out. He hurts his foot in a rut two thousand years old in exhumed Pompeii, and presently, when staring at one of the cinder-like corpses unearthed in the next square, conceives the idea that maybe it is the remains of the ancient Street Commissioner, and straightway his horror softens down to a sort of chirpy contentment with the condition of things.

"We have thus spoken freely of this man's stupefying simplicity and inno-

cence, but we cannot deal similarly with his colossal ignorance. We do not know where to begin. And if we knew where to begin, we certainly should not know where to leave off. We will give one specimen, and one only. He did not know until he got to Rome that Michael Angelo was dead! And then, instead of crawling away and hiding his shameful ignorance somewhere, he proceeds to express his pious, grateful sort of satisfaction that he is gone and out of his troubles!

"No, the reader may seek out the author's exhibitions of his uncultivation of himself. The book is absolutely dangerous, considering the magnitude and variety of its misstatements. And yet it is a text-book in the schools of America!"

Even in our own country "Innocents Abroad" had its curious adventures. In Pennsylvania, a rural clergyman sadly returned the volume to the book agent, with the remark that "the man who could shed tears over the tomb of Adam, must be an idiot."

VI.

MARRIAGE

Among those cultivated people who were passengers on the steamer Quaker City, in the now memorable excursion to the Holy Land in 1867, were Judge J. L. Langdon and family of Elmira, New York. A son of Judge Langdon figures as "Dan" in "Innocents Abroad." Miss Lizzie, a handsome and accomplished sister of Dan, was introduced to Mark Twain during the voyage outward, and when the Quaker City sailed homeward Mr. Clemens was paying deep attention to the young lady. She was somewhat of an invalid, and upon the return of the family to Elmira, her illness took a more serious form.

Perhaps the proximity of Buffalo to Elmira, the home of his sweetheart, occasioned Mark's removal to the former city in the latter part of 1869, for at all events we find him there, occupying an editorial position on the Buffalo *Express*. Subsequently we find him making periodical visits to the neighboring city of Elmira.

Miss Langdon was a young lady of position and fortune. Mark knew that her father did not look upon him with favor, but nevertheless he acquired sufficient courage to propose, and was rejected, much to his sorrow.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After awhile he "tried" again with the same result, and then he remarked, with his celebrated drawl, "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'Yes; but its hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task, to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What? What?" exclaimed the judge rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"No, no, indeed!" replied the magnate sternly. "No, sir; I have not."

"Well! Look sharp and you will."

The judge did "look sharp" after that and one day he called the ardent and devoted young man into his study, and said, after some preamble:

"Mr. Clemens, I have something to say to you which bears upon a subject of great importance, at least to me and mine. You have been coming here for some time and your manners leave no doubt in my mind as to your object. Now, my daughter's welfare is very dear to me, and before I can admit you to her society on the footing of a suitor to her hand I would like to know something

more than I do about you, your antecedents, etc. Stop a minute! You must remember that a man may be a 'good fellow' and a pleasant companion on a voyage and all that, but when it is a question as grave as this a wise father tries to take every precaution before allowing his daughter's affections to become engaged, and I ask of you, as a gentleman, that you shall give me the names of some of your friends in California to whom I may write and make such inquiries as I deem necessary, that is, if you still desire our friendship."

Mark put on a bold front.

"Sir," said he, bowing profoundly, as became a young man who respects his hoped-for father-in-law, "your sentiments are in every way correct. I approve of them myself, and hasten to add that you have not been mistaken in my sentiments towards your daughter, whom I may tell you candidly seems to me to be the most perfect of her sex, and I honor your solicitation for her welfare. I am not only perfectly willing to give you

reference, but am only too glad to have an opportunity to do so, which my natural modesty would have prevented me from offering. Therefore, permit me to give you the names of a few of my friends. I will write them down. First is Lieutenant General John McComb, Alexander Badlam, General Lander and Col. W. H. L. Barnes. They will all lie for me just as I would for them under like circumstances."

The prospective father-in-law wrote letters of inquiry to several residents of San Francisco, to whom Clemens referred him, and with one exception, the letters denounced him bitterly, especially deriding his capacity for becoming a good husband. Mark sat beside his fiancee when the letters were read aloud by the old gentleman. There was a dreadful silence for a moment, and then Mark stammered: "Well, that's pretty rough on a fellow, anyhow?"

His betrothed came to the rescue however, and overturned the mass of testi-

mony against him by saying, "I'll risk you, anyhow."

So they were married, the wedding occurring in the parlor of the Langdon residence in Elmira. Mark had instructed his friends in the newspaper office at Buffalo to select him a suite of rooms in a first-class boarding house in the city, and to have a carriage at the depot to meet the bride and groom. He knew that they would comply with his request and gave himself no more anxiety about it.

When the happy couple alighted from the train at the Buffalo depot, they found a handsome carriage, a beautiful span of horses and a driver in livery. They were driven to a handsome house, on an aristocratic street, and as the door was opened there were the parents of the bride to welcome them home. The old folks had quietly arrived by a special train.

After Mark had gone through the house, and admired its elegant furnishings, he was informed officially that he

had been driven by his own coachman, in his own carriage, to his own house. They say that the tears came to his wonderfully dark and piercing eyes, and that all he could say was, "Well, this is a first-class swindle."

For nearly a year Mr. Clemens was editorally connected with the Buffalo *Express*. For this journal he wrote many excellent sketches, among them "An Unburlesqueable Thing," "A Memory," "The Widow's Protest," "Running for Governor" and others.

The Reverend J. Hyatt Smith relates an amusing anecdote of Mark's life in Buffalo: "When I was living in Buffalo," says Mr. Smith, "Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We did not see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast, we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing-gown and slippers, and look over at us. He stood at his own door and smoked for a minute, as if making up his mind about something, and, at last, opened his gate

and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking-chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"Nice morning."

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by and by."

"Well, we could stand a little."

"This is a nice house you have here?"

"Yes, we rather like it."

"How's your family?"

"Quite well—and yours?"

"Oh, we're all comfortable."

"There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke in the air, and in his lazy drawl, remarked:

'I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly, perhaps, as I ought to be. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be inter-

ested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if—' "But at the mention of fire the whole family hurried upstairs. When we had put the fire out, and had returned to the veranda, Mark wasn't there."

Some years later when Mr. Clemens was lecturing in Buffalo, after being introduced to the audience, he spoke as follows in his low, drawling, characteristic manner:

"I notice many changes since I was a citizen of Buffalo, fourteen or fifteen years ago. I miss the faces of many old friends. They have gone to the tomb—to the gallows—to the White House. Thus far the rest of us have escaped, but be sure our own time is coming. Over us, with awful certainty, hangs one or the other of these fates. Therefore, that we be secure against error, the wise among us will prepare for them all. This word of admonition may be sufficient; let us pass to cheerfuller things. I remember one circumstance of by-gone times

with great vividness. I arrived here after dark on a February evening in 1870, with my wife and a large company of friends, when I had been a husband twenty-four hours, and they put us two in a carriage and drove us up and down, and every which way, through all the back streets in Buffalo, until at last I got ashamed and said: 'I asked Mr. Slee to get me a cheap boarding house, but I didn't mean he should stretch economy to the going outside the state to find it.' The fact was there was a practical joke to the fore, which I didn't know anything about, and all this fooling around was to give it time to mature. My father-in-law, the late Jervis Langdon, whom many of you will remember, had been clandestinely spending a fair fortune upon a house and furniture in Delaware Avenue for us, and had kept his secret so well, that I was the only person this side of the Niagara Falls, that hadn't found it out. We reached the house at last about ten o'clock and were introduced to a Mrs. Johnson, the ostensible

landlady. I took a glance around and then my opinion of Mr. Slee's judgment as a provider of cheap boarding houses for men who had to work for their living dropped to zero. I told Mrs. Johnson there had been an unfortunate mistake, that Mr. Slee had evidently supposed I had money, whereas I only had talent; and so, by her leave, we would abide with her a week, and then she could keep my trunk and we would hunt another place. Then the battalion of ambushed friends and relatives burst in on us, out of closets and from behind curtains; the property was delivered over to us and the joke revealed. Such jokes as these are all too scarce in a person's life. That house was so completely equipped in every detail—even to servants and a coachman—that there was nothing to do but just sit down and live in it."

In the fall of 1870, Mr. Clemens resigned his position on the Buffalo *Express* and took up his residence in Hartford, Connecticut. He had received several

large sums of money, as royalty on his "Innocents Abroad," and this, together with his wife's funds were invested in local corporations, mostly insurance companies. During the winter following he wrote "Roughing It," and early in 1871, the book was published. The volume awakened fully as much interest as "Innocents Abroad." It is a humorous record of his life in the mining regions and is replete with adventure, tragedy and comedy.

The writing of "Roughing It," was inspired according to Mark's confession, by the stimulating use of tobacco, a luxury which he never denied himself even in his days of poverty. In speaking upon this point, he once said: "I began smoking immoderately when I was eight years old; that is, I began with one hundred cigars a month, and by the time I was twenty I had increased my allowance to two hundred a month. Before I was thirty I had increased it to three hundred a month. Once, when I was fifteen, I ceased from smoking for three

months, but I do not remember whether the effect resulting was good or evil. I repeated this experiment when I was twenty-two; again I do not remember what the result was. I repeated the experiment once more, when I was thirty-four, and ceased from smoking for a year and a half. My health did not improve, because it was not possible to improve health that was already perfect. As I never permitted myself to regret this abstinence, I experienced no inconvenience from it. I wrote nothing but occasional magazine articles during pastime, and as I never wrote one except under strong impulse, I observed no lapse of facility. But by and by I sat down with a contract behind me to write a book of five or six hundred pages—the book called "Roughing It"—and then I found myself seriously obstructed. I was three weeks writing six chapters. Then I gave up the fight, resumed my three hundred cigars, burned the six chapters, and wrote the book in three months without difficulty."

VII.

IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

In 1872, Mark Twain sailed for England to arrange for the European publication of his works and successfully securing Chatto and Windus, as his English representatives, and the publishing house of Tauchnitz at Leipzig, as his continental agent. Already he was widely known and quoted in England, and was a welcome guest.

In speaking of his experience in London he says:

"During my sojourn in smoky, dirty, grand old London, I received an invitation to attend a banquet there and I went. It was one of those tremendous dinners where there are eight hundred to nine hundred invited guests. I hadn't

been used to that sort of thing, and I didn't feel quite at home. When we took our seats at the table, I noticed that at each plate was a little plan of the hall, with the position of each guest numbered so that one could see at a glance where a friend was seated by learning the number. Just before we fell to, some one—the lord mayor, or whoever was bossing the occasion—arose and began to read a list of those present—No. 1, Lord So-and-so; No. 2, the Duke of Something or other, and so on. When this individual read the name of some prominent political character or literary celebrity, it would be greeted with more or less applause. The individual who was reading the names did so in so monotonous a manner that I became tired, and began looking about for something to engage my attention. I found the gentleman next to me on the right a well-informed personage, and I entered into conversation with him. I had never seen him before, but he was a good talker and enjoyed it. Suddenly, just as he was

giving his views upon the future religious aspect of Great Britain, our ears were assailed by a deafening storm of applause. Such a clapping of hands I never heard before. It sent the blood into my head with a rush, and I got terribly excited. I straightened up and commenced clapping my hands with all my might. I moved about in my chair and clapped harder and harder. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Whose name did he read?' 'Samuel L. Clemens,' he answered. I stopped applauding. I didn't clap any more. It kind of took the life out of me, and I sat there like a mummy, and didn't even get up and bow. It was one of the most distressing fixes I ever got into, and it will be many a day before I forget it."

Mark lectured on various occasions in England with striking success. Rev. H. R. Haweis, who heard him at this time, writes:

"I heard him once at the Hanover Square rooms. The audience was not large nor very enthusiastic. I believe he

would have been an increasing success had he stayed longer. We had not time to get accustomed to his peculiar way, and there was nothing to take us by storm. He came on the platform and stood quite alone. A little table, with the traditional water-bottle and tumbler, was by his side. His appearance was not impressive, not very unlike the representation of him in the various pictures in his 'Tramp Abroad.' He spoke more slowly than any other man I ever heard, and did not look at his audience quite enough. I do not think that he felt altogether at home with us, nor we with him. We never laughed loud or long. We sat throughout expectant and on the *qui vive*, very well interested and gently simmering with amusement. With the exception of one exquisite description of the old Magdalen ivy-covered collegiate buildings at Oxford University, I do not think there was one thing worth setting down in print. I got no information out of the lecture, and hardly a joke that would wear, or a story that would bear

repeating. There was a deal about the dismal, lone silver-land, the story of the Mexican plug that bucked, and a duel which never came off and another duel in which no one was injured; and we sat patiently enough through it, fancying that by and by the introduction would be over, and the lecture would begin, when Twain suddenly made his bow and went off! It was over. I looked at my watch I was never more taken back. I had been sitting there exactly an hour and twenty minutes! It seemed ten minutes at the outside. If you have ever tried to address a public meeting, you will know what this means. It means that Mark Twain is a consummate public speaker. If ever he chose to say anything, he would say it marvelously well; but in the art of saying nothing in an hour, he surpasses our most accomplished parliamentary speakers."

Mr. Clemens relates, as one of the most harrowing experiences of his life, a six hours' ride across England, his fellow traveler an Englishman, who, shortly

after they started, drew forth the first volume of the English edition of "Innocents Abroad" from his pocket, and calmly perused it from beginning to end without a smile. Then he drew forth the second volume and read it as solemnly as the first. Mark says he thought he should die, yet John Bull was probably enjoying it after his own undemonstrative style.

Upon his return from England in 1873, in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain issued his fourth book, "The Gilded Age," which met with remarkable sale in this country and in Europe.

In 1876, there appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that famous fragment, "Punch Brothers, Punch with care." It had a curious origin. Early in April, 1875, the city line of the New York and Harlem railroad company having adoped the punch system, posted in the panels of their cars a card of information and instruction to conductors and passengers, both of whom were indirectly requested

to watch the other. It read as follows:

The CONDUCTOR, when he receives a Fare, must immediately PUNCH in the presence of the passenger,
A BLUE Trip Slip for an 8 Cents Fare,
A BUFF Trip Slip for a 6 Cents Fare,
A PINK Trip Slip for a 3 Cents Fare,
FOR COUPON AND TRANSFER TICKETS,
PUNCH THE TICKETS.

The poesy of the thing was discovered almost as "immediately" as the conductor "immediately" punched and all sorts of jingles were accommodated to the measure. In September the first poem appeared in print and various versions appeared in the New York and Boston newspapers.

In the January, 1876, *Atlantic*, Mark Twain's "Literary Nightmare" appeared with the following version:

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare;
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

Said Mark: "I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain, and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping

time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed and jingled right along the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passanjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marvelled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings.—"

The Literary Nightmare awakened horse car-poets throughout the world. Algernon Charles Swinburne in *La Revue des Duex Mondes*, had a brief copy of French verses, written with all his well-known warmth and melody.

LE CHANT DU CONDUCTEUR.

Ayant ete paye le conducteur
Percera en pleine vue du voyageur,
Quand il rocoit trois sous un coupon vert,
Un coupon jaune pour six sous c'est l'affaire,
Et pour huit sous c'est un coupon couleur,
De-rose, en pleine vue du voyageur.

CHŒUR.

Donc, percez soigneusement, mes freres,
Tout en pleine vue des voyageurs, etc.

The *Western*, an enterprising St. Louis magazine, had a terrible attack, and addressing "Marco Twain" it came out in a Latin anthem, with the following chorus:

Pungite, fratres, pungite,
Pungite cum amore
Pungite pro vectore
Diligentissime pungite.

A man who had just been reading the "Literary Nightmare," said *The Austin* (Nev.) *Reveille*, stepped into a Main street saloon muttering, "Punch, brothers! punch with care! punch in the presence

of the passenjare!" when a retired prize-fighter who was snoozing in a corner got up, and accosting the nightmare fellow, demanded, "Whose ears are you going to punch, you bloody duffer?" The other fellow tried to explain, but the fighter insisted that he (the other fellow) had said "Punch, brothers! punch with care! punch that big feller square in the ear!"

The Bridgeport Standard man said: "Mark Twain will sail for Europe on business in the spring; but

If he plays any jokes on the captain there,
And don't come down with the reg'ler fare,
The captain'll probably rip and tear,
And punch him in the presence of the passenjare."

When "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" appeared in 1876, the fame of Mark Twain was universal. In this volume he revealed the story of his boyhood days on the Mississippi, and his pranks and adventures in the town of Hannibal. It was published as a book for boys, and

commanded an enormous sale, edition after edition being exhausted. In fact, "Tom Sawyer" sold better than any of his books, excepting "Innocents Abroad." In the meanwhile, "The Gilded Age" had been dramatized and the production of the comedy on the American stage netted the author large sums of money.

"Injin Jo" one of the principal characters in "Tom Sawyer" still lives at Hannibal, Mo., and is one of the noted individuals of the town. He drives an old white horse and a red express wagon, borne down on one side from long and hard service. Jo hauls trunks from the depot and chores around with his horse and wagon. He loves a dollar more than anybody else in the town, and out of his meagre earnings he has accumulated quite a fortune. He owns twelve tenement houses in Hannibal, ranging in value from $500 to $1,000 each yet from the clothes that he wears one would naturally think that he would be constantly in dread of the ragman coming along and casting him into a sack of old iron and rags.

A well-known literary critic in reviewing "Tom Sawyer," said: "This literary wag has performed some services which entitle him to the gratitude of his generation. He has run the traditional Sunday-school boy through his literary mangle and turned him out washed and ironed into a proper state of flatness and collapse. That whining, canting, early-dying, anæmic creature was the nauseating model held up to the full-blooded mischievous lads of by-gone years as worthy of their imitation. He poured his religious hypocrisy over every honest pleasure a boy had. He whined his lachrymose warnings on every playground. He vexed their lives. So, when Mark grew old enough, he went gunning for him, and lo, wherever his soul may be, the skin of the strumous young pietist is now neatly tacked up to view on the Sunday-school door of to-day as a warning, and the lads of to-day see no particular charm in a priggish, hydropathical existence.'"

In 1877 appeared a volume of his com-

plete sketches, which included most of his fugitive newspaper articles.

In the following year, April 11, 1878, he sailed for Europe in the steamship Holsatia. He was accompanied by his family, and after traveling in England, France and Switzerland, settled down to spend the summer in Germany. Here he obtained the materials for his famous book, "A Tramp Abroad." In this volume "Harris" guide and courier, is introduced to the reader. Harris is not only invited to bow promiscuously but is set on to talk to doubtful people, to entertain bores, and generally to be the butt of embarassing situations. Mr. Clemens made a minute study of the Germans, their manners, habits, tastes and amusements. We all remember his treatment of the cases and gender in the German grammar:

"Mei*ne* gut*en* Freun*de*, Mein*es* gut*en* Freun*de*, Mein*en* gut*en* Freunde*n*, and *den* and *dem* until one feels one might better go without friends in Germany than take all this trouble about them.

'What a bother,' he cries, 'it is to decline a good male!' But that is nothing to the trouble we are landed in by the female! Every man has a gender and there is no sense or system in the distribution. In German a young lady has no sex, while a turnip has. Thus you say:

"Wilhelm, where is the turnip?'

"'She has gone to the kitchen.'

"'Where is the accomplished young lady?'

"'It has gone to the opera!"

Still better were his illustrations of the German fish wife. His argument with a raven, his adventures with a blue jay and his perilous journey on the river raft, were afterward exquisitely described in "A Tramp Abroad," published in 1880. While on his return from Germany, he tarried in London and Glasgow, and while in the latter city was elected a member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art.

VIII.

HIS LATER WORKS.

On September 3, 1879, Mr. Clemens and his family arrived in New York on the steamship Galbier, having been abroad for a period of sixteen months.

"There," said Mark, to a friend, as the ship left quarantine and began her journey up the bay, "the danger is finally passed. When the ship begins to roll sideways and kick up behind at the same time, I always know I am expected to perform a certain duty. I learned it years ago on the Quaker City. You might suppose that I would have forgotten my part after so long a residence on shore. But there it is again. It's habit; everything connected with the sea comes down to a matter of habit. You might confine me for forty years in a Rhode Island corn

patch, and at the end of that time I'd know just as well what to do when a ship begins to kick as I do at this moment. The darkest night never confuses me in the least. It's a little singular when you look at it, isn't it? But I presume it's attributable to the solemn steadfastness of the great deep."

As a conscientious Republican in his political preferences, Mr. Clemens took an active interest in the Presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, New York, in the fall of that year, he made a short speech one Saturday night, introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks Mr. Clemens said:

"General Hawley is a member of my church at Hartford, and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' May be he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor, whose vege-

table garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow,' he has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may modify the stench but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley."

In November, 1880, a Charity Fair was in progress in Buffalo, and during its course a small journal, called the *Bazaar Bulletin*, was published. In one number of this paper appeared a contribution from the pen of Mark Twain, entitled:

"A TALE FOR STRUGGLING YOUNG POETS."

"Well, sir, there was a young fellow

who believed that he was a poet; but the main difficulty with him was to get anybody else to believe it. Many and many a poet has split on that rock—if it is a rock. Many and many a poet will split on it, thank God. The young fellow I speak of, used all the customary devices —and with the customary results—to wit: he competed for prizes, and didn't take any; he sent specimens of poetry to famous people, and asked for a 'candid opinion,' meaning a puff, and didn't get it; he took advantage of dead persons and obituaried them in ostensible poetry, but it made him no friends—certainly none among the dead. But at last he heard of another chance; there was going to be a fair in Buffalo, accompanied by the usual inoffensive paper, and the editor of that paper offered a prize of $10 for the best original poem on the usual topic of Spring, no poem to be considered unless it should possess positive value.

"Well, sir, he shook up his muse, he introduced into her a rousing charge of information from his jug, and then sat

down and dashed off the following madrigal just as easy as lying:

HAIL! BEAUTIOUS, GLADSOME SPRING.
A POEM BY S. L. CLEMENS.
No. 1163. Hartford, Conn., Nov. 17.
GEO. P. BISSELL & CO.,
BANKERS,
Pay to Mrs. David Gray, or Order, for F
TEN.....DOLLARS.
Household Account.
S. L. CLEMENS.

"Did he take the prize? Yes, he took the prize. The poem and its title didn't seem to go together very well; but, no matter, that sort of thing has happened before; it didn't rhyme, neither was it blank verse, for the blanks were all filled, yet it took the prize for this reason, no other poem offered was really worth more than $4.50, whereas there was no getting around the petrified fact that this one was worth $10. In truth there was not a banker in the whole town who was willing to invest a cent in those other poems, but every one of them said this one was good, sound, seaworthy poetry, and worth its face. Such is the way in which that struggling young poet achieved recogni-

tion at last, and got a start along the road that leads to lyric eminence—whatever that may mean. Therefore, let other struggling young poets be encouraged by this to go striving.

"MARK TWAIN."

Not long after this, Mr. Clemens acted as auctioneer at the last sale at a bazaar or fair held in Hartford. In opening the sale he said: "Well, now, after a week of work by these ladies, who have handled an immense amount of money without putting a penny into their private pockets, I, their mere clerk, propose, as clerks will sometimes, to 'knock dow n' something."

It was at this time that the humorist wrote a letter to a friend in Tennessee, expressing his admiration for Artemus Ward, as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—One of the first questions which Londoners ask me is whether I knew Artemus Ward; the answer 'yes,' makes them my friends on the spot. Artemus seems to have been on the warmest terms with thousands of those people.

Well, he seems never to have written a harsh thing against anybody—neither have I, for that matter, at least nothing harsh enough for a body to fret about—and I think he never felt bitter toward people. There may have been three or four other people like that in the world at one time or another, but they probably died a good while ago. I think his lecture on the 'Babes in the Woods,' was the funniest thing I ever listened to. Artemus once said to me gravely, almost sadly:

"'Clemens, I have done too much fooling, too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live.'

"'Well, what for instance?'

"In the same grave way he said:

"'A lie.'

"It was an admirable surprise. I was just getting ready to cry; he was becoming pathetic. * * *"

Yours truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

In 1882, Mr. Clemens wrote "The Stolen White Elephant," and the same

year visited Bermuda. The following winter James R. Osgood and Company, of Boston, issued "The Stolen White Elephant," with which were incorporated "Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion," "Punch, Brother, Punch," and other sketches.

About this time the humorist was asked to contribute to the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund. Here was his response:

"You know my weakness for Adam, and you know how I have struggled to get him a monument and failed. Now, it seems to me, here is my chance. What do we care for a statue of liberty when we've got the thing itself in its wildest sublimity? What you want of a monument is to keep you in mind of something you haven't got—something you've lost. Very well, we haven't lost liberty; we've lost Adam. * * * Look at Adam, what have we done for Adam? What has Adam done for us? He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. * * * With trifling alteration, this present

statue will answer very well for Adam. You can turn that blanket into an ulster; part the hair on one side, or conceal the sex of his head with a fire-helmet, and at once he's a man; put a harp and a halo and a palm branch in the left hand to symbolize a part of what Adam did for us, and leave the fire basket just where it is to symbolize the rust. My friends, the father of life and death and taxes has been neglected long enough. Is it but a question of finance? Behold the enclosed (paid bank) checks. Use them as freely as they are freely contributed. Heavens knows I would there were a ton of them. I would send them all to you, for my heart is in this sublime work.

"S. L. C."

In 1882, while Mark Twain was collecting retrospective material for his "Life on the Mississippi," he stopped, one day, at Arkansaw City. He had, years before, known the place as Campbell's Bend, and naturally, had a desire to poke about unattended by persons who would be likely to break in upon his musings;

so, avoiding the committee that had been appointed to receive him, he wandered off into the woods. He thought nothing of the distance he was traversing. There was music among the tree tops, and flowers, rich in deep coloring, perfumed the air. After a long walk he came to a cabin, and, upon entering, found an old and tangle-bearded man sitting near the empty fireplace. The old fellow glanced at Twain, and then, springing between the visitor and the door, snatched down a gun, cocked it and said:

"So I've got you, have I?"

"I don't understand you!" Twain gasped.

"Oh, no, I reckon not. Er man never understands a thing when he don't want'er. Didn't stop your steamboat down yander below the bend the other day an' steal sixty sheep that belonged to me, did you?"

"I will swear upon the honor of a gentleman that I did not. I haven't been in this neighborhood before in twenty years."

"Set down thar." Twain obeyed. The old man continued: "It mout have been have been a good while sense you was here before the other day, but you got here just in time ter steal them sheep an' I'm goin' ter have your skelp. Hear me?"

"My dear sir, you are laboring under a frightful mistake. I never owned a sheep in my life——"

"No, I don't reckon you ever did own one an' mo'n that, nobody else ain't apt to own nary one whar you hang out. Yas, sah, come right here an' tuck my sheep an' ermong 'em wuz er pet lamb that my little gran'daughter loves better'n she does her life an' she hain't slep' er wink sense fur cryin' about it. Oh, you needn't blink, fur I am goin' ter hold you here till my little gal comes an' then I'm goin' to blow yo' head off. It won't be long 'fo' she comes an' ef you've got any pra'rs that you reckon oughter be said, why you better say 'em, that's all."

"My dear sir—"

"Don't 'dear sir' me. I've got you, an' I'm going ter use you."

"But how do you know that I stole your sheep?"

"You know how I know it. You know that jest ez soon ez you seed me er comin' you shoved off, an' mo'n that, you know that when I jumped in a canoe an' started to paddle out ter you, w'y, you shot at me. You know all that well enough."

"Merciful heavens!" Twain exclaimed.

"Yas, sah, yas; that's erbout whut I 'lowed, but the boat puffed on away."

A stick snapped outside. "Great heavens!" Twain thought, "is the girl coming?" No, it was only a calf. The expression on the old fellow's face grew harder. There was a cruel twitching about the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, don't you fret, she'll be here d'reckly."

"My friend," said Twain, with an effort to be calm, "if you will go with me over to Arkansaw City I will prove to you that I would not steal a sheep."

"I don't want no proof that comes frum that place. You'd tell a lie, an' them fellers over thar would sw'ar ter it. I see my little gal comin' through yander. Ez I said jest now, ef you've got any pra'rs you want said, w'y, I reckon you better say 'em."

"Would you commit murder?"

"Would you steal sheep?"

"Surely not."

"Ah, hah, an' sholy I wouldn't be committin' murder by killin' sich er feller ez you air. Don't move now, fur ef you do I'll drap you. Come, quick, now, befo' the gal comes, tell me ef you know who did steal them sheep, that is, if you didn't."

"I think I do," Twain quickly rejoined, and then, remembering the name of a steamboat engineer whom he had known before the war, he added: "Jo Billings stole your sheep."

The old fellow looked sharply at him, and replied:

"Air you shore?"

"I am certain."

"Was you on his boat at the time?"

"Yes, and tried to keep him from stealing them, but could not."

"Will you help me find him?"

"Yes."

"Wall, then, scoot. Quick, befo' the gal comes."

When Twain reached Arkansaw City, he found the perplexed and disappointed committee. He was nervous and depressed. While he was standing in the office of the hotel, some one said:

"Mr. Clemens, you used to know Jo Billings, didn't you?"

Twain felt an uneasiness crawling over him. "Yes," he replied.

"There he is."

Twain looked around and started. The old fellow who had held him in the cabin came forward, snorted, and then said:

"Sam, I oughter shot you fur not knowin' me, but I reckon I've changed some. Sheep, w'y, I never had one in my life. Haw, haw! Come, fellers, here's to Sam an' his erbility ter still hedge on the truth."

"Life on the Mississippi," appeared in

1883. It was a volume of reminiscences of his youthful days as a steamboat pilot on the father of waters. This volume was followed in 1885 by "The Prince and the Pauper," which was a remarkable performance and a surprise even to the friends of Mr. Clemens. For many years he had been a conscientious and untiring student of language, literature, history, not merely making up for deficiencies of early education, but laying solid foundations and building on them a broad and liberal culture, which made him a man of letters in the true sense of the term. His thorough knowledge of English and American literature is supplemented by a knowledge of that of various other languages, of which he has acquired a thorough command. The story of "The Prince and the Pauper," for instance, reveals somewhat the extent and fidelity of his study of early England, and is a story that, at the beginning of his career, he could neither have thought out or appreciated, and yet it is very distinctively

marked with his peculiar native genius and humor.

"The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" were published in 1886. The manuscript was completed many months before the book appeared, owing to complications and differences with the publishers, and was finaliy published by Mr. Clemens himself. In this book Mark Twain was at his best. The London *Athenæum* in reviewing the work, said: "It is such a book as he, and he only, could have written. It is meant for boys; but there are few men (we should hope) who, once they take it up, will not delight in it. It forms a companion or sequel to 'Tom Sawyer.' Huckleberry Finn, as everybody knows, is one of Tom's closest friends; and the present volume is a record of the adventures which befell him soon after the event which made him a person of property and brought Tom Sawyer's story to a becoming conclusion. They are of the most surprising and delightful kind imaginable, and in the course of them we fall in with a number of types

of character of singular freshness and novelty, besides being schooled in half a dozen extraordinary dialects. . . . We shall content ourselves with repeating that the book is Mark Twain at his best, and remarking that Jim and Huckleberry are real creations, and the worthy peers of the illustrious Tom Sawyer."

Later appeared "A Connecticut Yankee in King Authur's Court," and other volumes. In all of his books there is common sense, and love of justice, and hatred of cant, and a vein of serious earnestness, even in his most comical writings, that will for all time make him near to the people. As the London *Daily News* once said of him:

"His gravity in narrating the most preposterous tale, his sympathy with every one of his absurdest characters, his microscopic imagination, his vein of seriousness, his contrasts of pathos, his bursts of indignant plain speaking about certain national errors, make Mark Twain an author of the highest merit, and far remote from the mere buffoon."

IX.

THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

In 1884, Mark Twain and George W. Cable made a general tour of the country, each giving readings from his own works. Cordial receptions and crowded houses greeted them everywhere. The platform was not a novelty to Mark Twain. He had delivered lectures in California and Nevada in 1866 and 1867, had appeared in public upon several occasions in England, and had spoken a number of times at dinners and banquets in New York and Boston. He became known as a man possessing remarkable powers of elocution, and his parlor readings of Shakespeare were said to be masterly performances. Strong inducements had been offered him to lecture abroad, even so far away as Australia. In 1884 he consented

to lecture in America for a period not exceeding five months.

In December, 1884, Mark Twain and George W. Cable appeared in Cleveland. They arrived one afternoon and registered at the Forest City House. I called to pay my respects. Was Mr. Clemens in? Yes, but he had just eaten dinner, it then being three o'clock, and had gone to bed, not to be disturbed until seven o'clock, excepting in case Mr. John Hay, the author of "Little Breeches," called. Mr. Clemens would see Mr. Hay, but no other human being could entice him from his bed. In the evening occurred the entertainment. Mr. Cable read passages from his novel "Dr. Sevier." Mark Twain came upon the stage walking slowly, apparently in deep meditation. Those present saw a rather small man, with a big head, with bushy gray hair, heavy dark eyebrows, a receding chin, a long face, toothless gums visible between the lips, an iron-gray mustache, closely cut and stiff. The right hand involuntarily stroked the receding chin, and a

merry twinkle came into his eyes, as he advanced to the front of the stage and began to recite, in his peculiar, drawling and deliberate way, "King Sollermun," taken from advance sheets of "Huckleberry Finn." When he had finished, he turned and boyishly ran off the stage, with a sort of dog trot. Then I remember that Mr. Cable came on, told us all about "Kate Riley" and "Ristofolo," and then, in imitation of Mark Twain, tried to run off the stage in the same playful manner. I remember also what a deplorable failure Mr. Cable made of the attempt, how his gentle trot reminded me of a duck going down hill, and how eventually he collided with one of the scenes, and lastly how the audience roared with laughter. Then Mark came forward again with his "Tragic Tale of the Fishwife," followed by Cable, who walked soberly now, like a Baptist deacon. Twain told us of "A Trying Situation," and finally concluded the entertainment with one of his inimitable ghost stories.

He is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skillfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which denotes that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in his way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact that an audience will be in a laughing mood, when they first enter the lecture room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Connecticut, there was a good illustration of this, the Hon. Demshain Hornet having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the

audience assembled, expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, and they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew "Mark Twain" was a *nom de plume*, and supposed his real name was Hornet.

Mr. Hornet bowed politely, looked about him, and remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!" Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and

hell!" Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but went on: "We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Hornet got mad. "What I say is Gospel truth," he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage, and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha! It's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult," cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of "Go on, Twain!" Then the chairman began to see through a glass darkly, and arose and quelled the merriment, and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly ceased laughing, and the folks in the audience looked sheepish, and they quit laughing too, and then the excited Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got

into a town so entirely populated with asses and idiots, and having said that he left the hall in disgust, followed by the audience in deep gloom.

When Mr. Clemens and Mr. Cable appeared in Albany, New York, they paid their respects to the Governor, and visited the State capitol. They entered the Adjutant-General's office, and finding the official out, they sat down to await his return. There were a considerable number of gentlemen in the party, and the chairs were soon occupied. Mr. Clemens sat down carelessly on one of the Adjutant-General's official tables. The party were chatting cheerfully and conducting themselves peacefully, when a dozen clerks and deputies of the department came rushing into the office, and with unusual vehemence, asked what was wanted. None of the visiting party seemed to understand the situation. An investigation, however, disclosed the fact that Mark Twain, by accident or design, had planted himself squarely on a long

row of electric buttons, and thus set ringing a score or more of call bells.

In Montreal, upon the occasion of Mark Twain's appearance, there were a large number of Frenchmen in the audience. This caused him to introduce into his lecture the following:

"Where so many of the guests are French, the propriety will be recognized of my making a portion of my speech in the beautiful language, in order that I may be partly understood. I speak French with timidity, and not flowingly, except when excited. When using that language, I have noticed that I have hardly ever been mistaken for a Frenchman, except, perhaps, by horses; never, I believe, by people. I had hoped that mere French construction, with English words, would answer; but this is not the case. I tried it at a gentleman's house in Quebec, and it would not work. The maid-servant asked, "What would monsieur?" I said, "Monsieur So-and-So, is he with himself?" She did not understand. I said, "Is it that he is still not

returned to his house of merchandise?" She did not understand that either. I said, "He will desolate himself when he learns that his friend American was arrived, and he not with himself to shake him at the hand." She did not even understand that; I don't know why, but she didn't, and she lost her temper besides. Somebody in the rear called out, "Qui est donc la?" or words to that effect. She said, "C'est un fou," and shut the door on me. Perhaps she was right; but how did she ever find that out? For she had never seen me before till that moment. But, as I have already intimated, I will close this oration with a few sentiments in the French language. I have not ornamented them. I have not burdened them with flowers of rhetoric, for, to my mind, that literature is best and most enduring which is characterized by a noble simplicity: J'ai belle bouton d'or de mon oncle, mais je n'ai pas celui du charpentier. Si vous avez le fromage du brave menuisier, c'est bon; mais si vous ne l'avez pas, ne vous desolez pas,

prenez le chapeau de drap noir de son beaufrere malade. Tout a l'heure! Savoir faire! Qu'est ce que vous dites! Pate de fois gras! Revenons a nos moutons! Pardon, messieurs, pardonnez moi; essayant a parler la belle langue d'Ollendorf strains me more than you can possibly imagine. But I mean well, and I've done the best I could."

Mr. Clemens met with an amusing adventure when he and Mr. Cable were making their tour in the South. A misguided but enthusiastic young man managed, after some difficulty, to secure an introduction to the humorist on a river steamer, just before the latter's departure from New Orleans for St. Louis. The young man said: "I've read all of your writings, Mr. Twain, but I think I like 'The Heathen Chinee' the best of them all." Mr. Clemens shook the young man's hand with tremendous enthusiasm. "My dear sir," he remarked, "I am pretty well used to complements, but I must say I never received one which gave me equal satisfaction, and showed so

kindly an appreciation of efforts to please the public. A thousand thanks." And the young man replied, "You are perfectly welcome, Mr. Twain. I am sure you deserve it."

Shortly after his return from his lecture tour, the representative of a leading publishing house called upon Mr. Clemens at his Hartford residence, offering him his own price for a certain contribution which was specially desired. "Well, I tell you," said Mark, with his inimitable drawl, "I have just got a thundering big book through me, and an awful lecture course through the people of this unfortunate country, and I feel like an anaconda that had swallowed a goat. I don't want to turn over or wiggle again for six months." This was his way of declining the offer.

After dinner speaking became as natural to Mr. Clemens, as his appearance upon the lecture platform, and he has won the title of being the most entertaining table talker in America. Not many years since he was present at a monthly

meeting of the Military Service Institute, on Governor's Island. General W. T. Sherman and General Schofield were present. Mr. Clemens said that that which he was about to read was part of a still uncompleted book, of which he would give the first chapter by way of explanation, and follow it with selected fragments, "or outline the rest of it in bulk, so to speak; do as the dying cowboy admonished his spiritual adviser to do, 'just leave out the details and heave in the bottom facts.'"

Once upon a time a military regiment from Worcester, Massachusetts, visited Hartford, and the humorist was put forward, as the spokesman, to welcome, officially, the soldier guests of the city. Among other things he said: "When asked to respond, I said I would be glad to, but there were reasons why I could not make a speech. But I said I would talk. I never made a speech without getting together a lot of statistics and being instructive. The man who starts in upon a speech without preparation enters

upon a sea of infelicities and troubles. I had thought of a great many things I had intended to say. In fact nearly all of these things I have heard here to-night I had thought of. Get a man away down here on the list, and he starts out empty. One reason I didn't like to come here to make a prepared speech was because I have sworn off. I have reformed. I would not make a prepared speech without statistics and philosophy. The advantage of a prepared speech is that you start when you are ready and stop when you get through. If unprepared, you are all at sea, you don't know where you are. I thought to achieve brevity, but I was mistaken. A man never hangs on so long on his hind legs as when he don't know when to stop. I once heard a man who tried to be reformed. He tried to be brief. A number of strangers sat in a hotel parlor. One sat off to one side and said nothing. Finally all went out except one man and this dummy. The dummy touched this man on the shoulder and said: "I think I have s-s-s-e

(whistles) een you before." "What makes you whistle?" asked the other man. "I used to stammer, and the d-d-d-d- (whistles) octor told me when I w-w-w-w-w- (whistles) anted to speak and s-s-s-s-tammered to whistle. I d-d-d-d- (whistle) id whistle and it c-c-c-c-ured me." So it is with a man who makes an unprepared speech. He tries to be brief and it takes him longer. I won't detain you. We welcome you with cordial hospitality, and if you will remain we will try and furnish better weather to-morrow."

One of his famous after dinner speeches was in response to the toast, "The Babies," and another was his speech on "Woman," at the annual dinner of the New England Society, some years ago. He spoke immediately after General Grant. Among the good things he said were the following: "The daughter of modern civilization is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast; her robe is from Paris; her fan

from Japan; her card case is from China; her watch is from Geneva; * * * her hair from—from—I don't know where her hair is from—I never could find out. That is her other hair—her public hair—her Sunday hair. I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. Why you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it does a brickbat or a shotgun. It's that thing that she twists and then coils round and round her head, beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin."

In 1885, at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, occurred a benefit performance for the Actors' Fund. The house was crowded. Joseph Murphy had just given the graveyard scene from "Shaun Rhue." The widower and his little son visit the grave of the wife and mother and go through some very pathetic incidents. A delay occurred after the "Shaun Rhue" had sorrowfully led his offspring from the hallowed spot. The

audience was in the usual sympathetic condition after the scene, and noses were blown generously in the commendable effort to brace up for the appearance of Mark Twain, who was to come on next and read his ridiculous "Tale of a Fish-wife." The dozen mounds, with their crosses and head pieces that had been used to make up the scene of the cemetery, had not been removed, and the idea that the humorist would have to read his nonsense in such surroundings caused anxiety. Twain was standing at the wing ready to go on, and many saw him. The uneasiness of the people became more universal, as it now seemed inevitable that a most grotesque picture would be thrust upon them. An appalling blunder in stage management seemed about to be committed. The gentlemen who had charge of the entertainment were sitting in a box at the right of the stage, and could plainly see Twain's embarrassment. Both made a rush for behind the scenes to order the removal of the graves. But they were too late. As

they flew through the box door, Mark Twain stepped cautiously on the stage. He took a couple of steps forward, glanced up at the picture before him and stopped short. He turned his head toward whence he had come, as though looking for the manager, gave an agonizing glance of appeal, muttered something that had the tone of vigor, but at last went ahead. He made his way down to the footlights with halting, uncertain steps, fumbling his notes between his fingers and casting nervous looks at the solemn signs of death that half surrounded him. At last he got squarely before the audience. By this time every person in the house was thoroughly uncomfortable. A weak effort at applause had been made by some of the bravest hearted on the appearance of the humorist, but Mark's indifference to the reception and the overwhelming incongruity of the scene had a saddening effect. The house became so still that the rolling of a ball of cotton could have been heard.

He stood before the leader of the or-

chestra like a schoolboy about to speak his first piece. Never a model of the æsthetic in action, he was now painfully awkward and confused. He twisted his notes and wiggled his fingers, every now and then looking over his shoulder at the scene of death with gazes of suspicion and apprehension. He remained looking foolish for many seconds, two or three times making an ineffectual attempt to say something. At length he found voice, and in his drawling tones, even longer drawn out than usual, the embarrassed reader said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, er—this—er—melancholy occasion gives me an—er—opportunity to make an—er—explanation that I have long desired to deliver myself of. I rise to a question of the highest privilege before a Philadelphia audience."

The audience, without the remotest idea of what was coming still sat quiet and expectant. Mr. Clemens continued:

"In the course of my checkered career I have, on diverse occasions, been charged, always maliciously, of course,

with more or less serious offenses. It is in reply to one of the more—er—important of these that I wish to speak. More than once I have been accused of writing the obituary poetry in the Philadelphia *Ledger*."

A gentle smile was seen to pass over the faces of the multitude, and pleasant feeling began to assert itself.

"I wish right here," went on Mr. Clemens, with gathered self-possession, "to deny that terrible assertion." The audience now laughed outright, and comfort was pretty well restored. "I will admit, that once, when a compositor in the *Ledger* establishment, I did set up some of that poetry, but for a worse offence than that no indictment can be found against me." And then, in an outraged manner, the humorist exclaimed: "I did not write that poetry," and then, after a pause, "at least, not all of it."

The reader had his hearers with him after that, and he never read his "Tale of a Fishwife" to a more appreciative audience.

X.

MARK TWAIN AT HOME.

When, in 1868, Samuel L. Clemens visited the city of Hartford, Connecticut, to arrange for the publication of his first book, "Innocents Abroad," he was captivated by the old town and its beautiful suburbs. Later, in 1871, when he determined upon leaving Buffalo and taking up his residence in an eastern city, it was not strange that he should select Hartford as the site for his permanent home. In a corner of the Nook Farm, on Farmington avenue, about a mile and a quarter from the business center of the city, he built a large, unique house of brick and stone. The building was of the Queen Anne style of architecture, which, just at that time, was the most

popular, as well as the most aristocratic mode of residence in vogue. There were gables and arches and quaint windows, and in many of these, boxes of flowers were placed. The house was built in the center of a park-like grove of old trees, and the hand of a Scotch landscape artist soon molded hedges, flower beds and a well-kept lawn. To-day it stands a home of homes. A porte cochere, covered with vines, extends from the entrance, under which the carriages drive. The exterior of the house has the air of a luxurious, old, English home.

From the day that Mark Twain and his young wife took up their abode in their Hartford home, money was expended with lavish hands, and the result has been a rich, charming, artistic and home-like interior. One is ushered into an immense square hall, the floor of which is in marble tiles of peculiar pattern. A winding staircase, very wide and massive, of heavily carved English oak extends above. Opposite the front door are double doors leading into the

library. Near these doors in the hall, stands upon a marble pedestal, the bust of Mr. Clemens, executed by young Carl Gerhardt. There are also paintings on the carved oaken walls of the hall and a heavily carved table. To the right are double doors leading into the large drawing-room. All the doors and windows are draped at the top by handsome lambrequins; the doors and woodwork are of dark polished wood, covered with stencil designs in metallic paint, so that at a short distance they look as if inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The drawing-room is furnished with light-colored satin furniture. Leading from this apartment is the dining-room, which is finished in heavy carved woods of the most elaborate workmanship; high carved dado, old tapestry portieres, a massive buffet covered with cut glass and silverware. An odd idea is a window directly over the fireplace; it is of one solid piece of plate glass, surrounded by a frame of dark blue glass, and inside that, like the mat of a picture, opal glass, as one looks

out at the beautiful landscape, he can hardly realize at first that it is nature's handiwork thus framed in, instead of a painting actually hanging upon the wall. The flue of the fireplace extends each side of this picturesque window. Connected with the dining-room is the library, which is the general living room. It has large double doors leading into the front hall opposite the entrance. It is a sunny, cheerful room, with a huge, heavily carved fireplace which Mr. Clemens brought from Europe, where it had once held place in an ancient castle; it seems to have brought with it to this American home some of the dignity, pomp and splendor of which it once formed an important part. The room looks as if it belonged to a baronial castle, but in winter it is less sombre, and a blazing fire of logs burns behind the brass fender, bringing into greater prominence the motto cut in brass above the fire: "The ornament of a house is the friends that frequent it." On either side are low book shelves built against the wall; they

form a part of the massive chimney-piece and look like wings of a great bat. The floor is covered with rugs and luxurious seats are fitted into the windows; a large carved table stands in the center covered with magazines and papers.

The whole house has rather the appearance of an old castle, with the carvings grotesque and ponderous, instead of the old mahogany of colonial days. A wide oaken staircase leads to the apartments above, the most conspicuous of which is a large room fitted up most comfortably with cozy nooks filled in with cushioned seats. Beyond is a room in which a large rocking horse and scattered toys make one acquainted with the reason Mr. Clemens ceased writing in this attractive apartment and moved still further up-stairs to a corner of the billiard room. Each suite of apartments has its separate bathroom. One guest chamber is furnished in pink silk; even the bedstead is of pink silk tufted all over with tiny satin buttons.

The study or work room of the humorist is the billiard room, upon the upper floor, the windows of which look out upon the broad acres of beautiful landscape. In the distance is heard the ripple of Park river. In the corner of the room is his writing-table, covered usually with books, manuscripts, letters and other literary litter; and in the middle of the room stands the billiard-table. Mr. Clemens is an expert billiard player, and when he tires of writing at his little desk in the corner, he rises and makes some scientific strokes with the cue. A resident of Hartford says that he called upon Mark once in the billiard room, when the fire in the grate threw some sparks out upon the floor. These caught some loose paper and the room for a moment promised to break out in flames. "Twain was playing billiards at the time," says the man, "and he did not stop his game. He immediately rung for the servants, and lazily told them that they had better extinguish the fire, and with that he leaned over the table and made a stroke

with his billiard cue which would have done honor to the world's champion. Twain never gets excited."

The study is a long room with sloping sides formed by the roof. There are three balconies adjacent, two large ones on either side, and one at the end. One may step out into these through regular doors. His mode of work in this study is systematic. He makes it an invariable rule to perform a certain amount of literary work every day, and his working hours are made continuous by his not taking any midday meal. He is mercilous toward his own productions, and has often destroyed an entire day's labor as soon as it was written. He found by experience that the final result was more satisfactory by taking this course, than by trying to remodel what he considered a faulty manuscript. In this way he has destroyed hundreds of pages of manuscript, and from one of his larger books he culled out no less than five hundred pages.

Since his advent in the city of Hartford, Mark Twain has won for himself

the name of "prince of entertainers." Seated in his richly furnished library, to whose beauty and artistic completeness half the lands of Europe have contributed, he will tell an anecdote or discuss a literary or social question with a calm directness and earnestness, revealing to you an entirely new side of his character, that has nothing in common with that which he is wont to display to the public who throng to his lectures. Even his drollest stories he relates with this same earnest impressiveness, and with a face as serious as a sexton's. His brilliancy has a certain delightful quality which is almost too evanescent to be imprisoned in any one phrase. You have no oppressive consciousness that you are expected to laugh; you rather feel as if the talker had unexpectedly taken you into his confidence, and you feel your heart going out toward him in return. He is a reader of the finest discriminating faculty, high dramatic power, and remarkable sympathetic interpretation, and his reading of Browning, whom he greatly ad-

mires, is a rare entertainment. He is a leading member of the Monday Evening Club of Hartford, the Authors' Club, the Century Club, the Actors' Club of New York, and other social and literary organizations.

During the summer months, Mr. Clemens and his family sojourn at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, New York, at the home of Mr. T. W. Crane, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Clemens. Here among the historic hills of the Chemung valley, the humorist works with the same systematic rule as in the study of his Hartford house. A friend who visited Mr. Clemens in his summer retreat, writes as follows:

"A summer house has been built for Mr. Clemens within the Crane grounds, on a high peak, which stands six hundred feet above the valley that lies spread out before it. The house is built almost entirely of glass, and is modelled exactly on the plan of a Mississippi steamboat's pilot-house. Here, shut off from all outside communication, Mr. Clemens

does the hard work of the year, or rather the confining and engrossing work of writing, which demands continuous application, day after day. The lofty work-room is some distance from the house. He goes to it every morning about half-past eight and stays there until called to dinner by the blowing of a horn about five o'clock. He takes no lunch or noon meal of any sort, and works without eating, while the rules are imperative not to disturb him during this working period. His only recreation is his cigar."

Another correspondent wrote as follows:

"To keep away the large number of visitors and sight-seers who come to view the sanctum, Twain posted upon his door the following notice:

Step Softly! Keep Away! Do not Disturb the Remains!

"In spite of this characteristic warning we open the door and enter. The floor is bare. There is a table in the center of the room covered with books, news-

papers, manuscripts and all the paraphernalia of authorship. Over the fireplace is a shelf, on which rests a few books and a couple of boxes of choice cigars."

An intimate acquaintance writing of Mr. Clemens and the tobacco habit says:

"He is an inveterate smoker, and smokes constantly while at his work, and, indeed, all the time, from half-past eight in the morning to half-past ten at night, stopping only when at his meals. A cigar lasts him about forty minutes, now that he has reduced to an exact science the act of reducing the weed to ashes. So he smokes from fifteen to twenty cigars every day. Some time ago he was persuaded to stop the practice, and actually went a year and more without tobacco; but he found himself unable to carry along important work which he undertook, and it was not until he resumed smoking that he could do it. Since then his faith in his cigar has not wavered. Like other American smokers, Mr. Clemens is unceasing in his search

for the really satisfactory cigar at a really satisfactory price, and, first and last, has gathered a good deal of experience in the pursuit. It is related that, having entertained a party of gentlemen one winter evening in Hartford, he gave to each, just before they left the house, one of a new sort of cigar that he was trying to believe was the object of his search. He made each guest light it before starting. The next morning he found all that he had given away lying on the snow beside the pathway across his lawn. Each smoker had been polite enough to smoke until he got out of the house, but every one on gaining his liberty had yielded to the instinct of self-preservation and tossed the cigar away, forgetting that it would be found there by daylight. The testimony of the next morning was overwhelming, and the verdict against the new brand was accepted."

Some years ago in making a phrenological examination of Mark Twain, Professor Beall of Cincinnati, made report as follows:

"Wit and humor are very familiar words, and yet, from the difficulty in defining them, or from not distinguishing the particular mental mechanism upon which they depend, the relative merits of many authors are often but vaguely understood. Wit is primarily an intellectual perception of incongruity or unexpected relations, but the idea that anything thus apprehended is ludicrous is suggested by the affective faculty of mirthfulness, in the same manner that the understanding may perceive a dangerous object and thus arouse the emotion of fear. The relation between the intellectual faculties and the feelings is reciprocal, so that the sentiment of the ludicrous, when strong, may prompt the intellect to create imaginary senses or associated ideas adapted to gratify it, or become active as the result of real perceptions. Talent for wit, then, depends upon certain intellectual activities combined with the sentiment of mirth. But humor introduces another element—namely secretiveness. This propensity

not only creates the desire to conceal one's own thoughts, but gives almost equal pleasure in penetrating the disguises of others. It enables a joker to "keep a straight face" while telling a story, and the secretiveness of the listener is gratified by detecting the absurdity in the narrative beneath the assumed gravity of the speaker. That is, to the amusing incongruity of the events in the story is added the further incongruity between the character of the story and the serious countenance of the narrator. The English and Italians are more humorous than witty, the reverse of which is true of the French. Mark Twain is excellent in wit, but super-excellent in humor. Secretiveness is very marked in the diameter of his head just above the ears, and is indicated also by the width of his nostrils, the nearly closed eyes, compressed lips, slow, guarded manner of speech, etc. His nose is of the "apprehensive" type in its great length and somewhat hooked point, but it is not thick enough above the nostrils to indicate taste for com-

merce. This "apprehensive" or cautious nasal organ, so prominent in Dante, Calvin and other men celebrated for earnestness and gravity, might seem an anomaly in this case but for the explanation that cautiousness and secretiveness are essential ingredients in genuine humor. On this principle we can account for the temperament of our great humorist, which is not the laughing, fat, rotund vital, but rather the spare, angular mental, or mental-motive, which is favorable to hard sense, logic, general intelligence and insight into human nature. His intellect is well balanced, having a strong foundation of perceptive faculties which gather details with the fidelity of a camera. He has also a large upper forehead, giving philosophical power, ability to generalize, reason, plan, and see a long way ahead. The middle centers, or memory of events, criticism and comparison, are also well developed. His eyes are rather deeply set, and his language is subordinate to his thought. The hollow temples indicate but little

music, and mirthfulness, at the upper corners of the forehead, is by no means remarkable. Ideality, or love of beauty, is only fair. The head measures 22½ inches, which is half an inch less than the average intellectual giant, but the fiber of the whole man is fine, close and strong, and the cerebral combination is of a very available sort. He has very ardent affections, strong love of approbation, sense of justice, firmness, kindness and ability to read character; with small self-esteem, love of gain, or inclination to the supernatural. Knowledge of the world and interest in humanity are his leading traits, and, altogether, he is a phenomenal man of whom Americans may well be proud."

Being extremely domestic in his tastes Mark Twain is fond of his home life, and of his beautiful children. His eldest daughter, Susie, was born in 1872, Clara Langhorne was born in 1874, and Jean in 1880. Another child, a son, died in infancy. Mrs. Clemens is described as gentle, quiet and motherly, ten years

younger than her husband. Mr. Clemens is reported to have said that when his mother died there would be no one left in the family to appreciate his jokes. It is said Mrs. Clemens is particularly slow in these matters. She dresses very plainly, wearing her dark hair smoothly brushed from the parting in the center, with no crimps or attempt at dressing. She appears still more sedate by usually wearing eye-glasses. She is, however, noted for her goodness and for being a fond mother.

For many years the near neighbors of the family have been the families of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. George Warner, Rev. Mr. Twitchell and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is said that once when Mr. Clemens, at the solicitation of his wife, called on Mrs. Stowe, he was so absent-minded as to put on neither collar nor necktie. On Mrs. Clemens remonstrating on his return, he said he would make it all right, and accordingly sent a collar and tie of his over to Mrs. Stowe in a box.

Miss Susie has always been Mark's favorite child. She inherits much of her father's brightness. She kept a diary at one time, in which she noted the occurrences in the family, and, among other things, the sayings of her parents. On one page she wrote that father sometimes used stronger words when mother wasn't by and he thought "we" didn't hear. Mrs. Clemens found the diary and showed it to her husband, probably thinking the particular page worth his notice. After this Clemens did and said several things that were intended to attract the child's attention, and found them duly noted afterward. But one day the following entry occurred:

"I don't think I'll put down anything more about father, for I think he does things to have me notice him, and I believe he reads this diary."

Of the Clemens children, a correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, tells of their adventures with their father, while on a visit to that city, as follows:

"'We came in last night," said Mark, pulling at the left side of his mustache. "Mrs. Clemens is not very well, neither am I. I have been amusing the children. I have taken them to a panorama. I understand there are three others near here. I will take them there too. I want to satiate them with battles—it may amuse them." Three little girls composed of three red gowns, three red parasols and six blue stockings stood on the steps and laughed.

"'Run up and tell mamma what a jolly time you've had and I'll think of something else to amuse you."'

"When the three little girls had disappeared Mr. Clemens sighed. 'Did you ever try to amuse three little girls at the same time?' he asked, after a pause; 'it requires genius. I wonder whether they would like to bathe in the lake?' he continued, with sudden animation, hardly pausing five minutes between each word, 'it might amuse them.'

"Are you on your vacation trip, Mr. Clemens?"

"'No; I have just returned from a visit to my mother in Keokuk, Iowa. We came from Buffalo to Duluth by a lake steamer and then from St. Paul down the river to Keokuk. Neither in this country nor in any other have I seen such interesting scenery as that along the upper Mississippi. One finds all that the Hudson affords—bluffs and wooded highlands—and a great deal in addition. Between St. Paul and the mouth of the Illinois river there are over four hundred islands, strung out in every possible shape. A river without islands is like a woman without hair. She may be good and pure, but one doesn't fall in love with her very often. Did you ever fall in love with a bald-headed woman?' The reporter admitted that he had drawn the line there.

"'I never did, either,' continued Mr. Clemens, meditatively; 'at least I think I never did. There is no place for loafing more satisfactory than the pilot house of a Mississippi steamboat. It amuses the children to see the pilot monkey with

the wheel. Traveling by boat is the best way to travel unless one can stay at home. On a lake or river boat one is as thoroughly cut off from letters and papers and the tax collector as though he were amid sea. Moreover, one doesn't have the discomforts of seafaring. It is very unpleasant to look at sea sick people—at least so my friends said the last time I crossed.'

"'It might amuse the children, though,' suggested the reporter.

"'I hadn't thought of that,' replied Mr. Clemens; 'but perhaps it might. The lake seems rather rough to-day—I wonder whether one could get a boat, a little boat that would bob considerably. Yes, it might amuse the children.'

"'But at such a sacrifice.'

"'You are not a parent?' replied the humorist.

"'It is strange,' continued Mr. Clemens, in momentary forgetfulness of the children, 'how little has been written about the upper Mississippi. The river below St. Louis has been described time

and again, and it is the least interesting part. One can sit in the pilot house for a few hours and watch the low shores, the ungainly trees and the democratic buzzards, and then one might as well go to bed. One has seen everything there is to see. Along the upper Mississippi every hour brings something new. There are crowds of odd islands, bluffs, prairies, hills, woods and villages—everything one could desire to amuse the children. Few people ever think of going there, however. Dickens, Corbett, Mother Trollope and the other discriminating English people who 'wrote up' the country before 1842 had hardly any idea that such a stretch of river scenery existed. Their successors have followed in their footsteps, and as we form our opinions of our country from what other people say of us, of course we ignore the finest part of the Mississippi.'

"At this moment the three little girls in the three red gowns and six blue stockings appeared, and Mr. Clemens assumed the shape of an amusement bureau."

An instance of his home life is the following anecdote: Having been asked to contribute to a newspaper issued at the Fair in aid of the abused children in Boston, he wrote: "Why should I want a society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to prosper, when I have a baby downstairs that kept me awake several hours last night, with no pretext for it but to make trouble? This occurs every night, and it embitters me, because I see how needless it was to put in the other burglar alarm, a costly and complicated contrivance, which cannot be depended upon, because it's always getting out of order; whereas, although the baby is always getting out of order, too, it can nevertheless be depended on. Yes, I am bitter against your society, for I think the idea of it is all wrong; but, if you will start a society for the prevention of cruelty to fathers, I will write you a whole book."

At a Hartford dinner party one day, the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy dis-

cussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present took no part. A lady near him, turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed:

"Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion."

Mr. Clemens replied gravely: "Madam, you must excuse me, I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."

IX
AS A BUSINESS MAN.

A million copies of Mark Twain's books have been sold in this country. England and her colonies have taken half as many more, and the larger works have been translated into German, French, Italian, Norwegian and Danish. "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age," and "A Tramp Abroad," were published by the American Publishing Company of Hartford. "The Stolen White Elephant" appeared from the presses of Osgood of Boston.

The humorist has often said that if he were to live his life over again, he would publish his own books, and act as his own business manager, thus securing a larger share of the profits arising from

the sale of his works. The manuscript of the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" was completed in March, 1884, but owing to complications and differences with the publishers, it did not appear until the following year, although a prospectus of the story was sent out, and the opening chapter published in the *Century* magazine. When the book was completed Mr. Clemens made a proposition in regard to its publication to the American Publishing Company. From the sale of his earlier works this firm had made for itself reputation and wealth. Mark Twain, on his side, received royalties amounting in all to over four hundred thousand dollars. When "Huckleberry Finn," the sequel to "Tom Sawyer," was completed, he again made them a proposition. Negotiations were commenced but never completed. The parties could not agree upon terms. He was offered liberal royalties but refused to accept them. The final offer was that the profits should be equally divided, each of the parties to receive fifty per cent. of

the proceeds from the sale of the new book. This proposition was not satisfactory to the author, who wanted sixty per cent. of the profits. The Company refused to accept the offer, and Mr. Clemens determined to at once combine the business of publisher with that of author. He had great confidence in the business ability of his nephew, Charles L. Webster of Fredonia, New York. With him he formed a partnership, and "Huckleberry Finn" appeared bearing the imprint of Charles L. Webster and Company. The result was watched with interest by literary men and publishers all over the world. "Huckleberry Finn" netted the author a profit of nearly $100,000. Mr. Webster died a few years since but the firm name remains unchanged.

Upon his earlier books, Mark received upwards of $30,000 per year, for a number of years. "Tom Sawyer" sold better than any of his books excepting "Innocents Abroad." When the "Gilded Age" was dramatized and placed on the stage by John T. Raymond, it proved a gold mine

for the fortunate author. In one year Raymond paid Mark over $70,000 in royalties.

He never dabbled in Wall street stocks, although he knew whether Union Pacific or Western Union, were up or down and why. His most unfortunate investment was in the stock of an accident insurance company, where he had invested $50,000, but luckily he saved his money from the wreck. His wife had a large fortune in her own right, but so far as Mark Twain was concerned she might have been penniless, for he insisted that her property be settled upon herself and managed for her interest exclusively. He has made his own fortune in his own way, and has never had to borrow a cent from any one in his business investments since the "Innocents" began to coin money for him.

The firm of Charles L. Webster and Company have published many books in addition to those written by Mark Twain. The profits in the "Memoirs of General Grant" and those of the Pope were enor-

mous. In 1884, when he read from his own works with George W. Cable, his share of the net profits was $30,000 He invented Mark Twain's Scrap Book which made a fortune for the publishers. Nearly a million copies have been sold, and his profits amount to $100,000. He also invented a note book. All note-books that he could buy had the vicious habit of opening at the wrong place and distracting attention in that way. So, by a simple contrivance, he arranged one that always opens at the right place; that is, of course, at the page last written upon. Other simple inventions of Mark Twain's include: A vest, which enables the wearer to dispense with suspenders; a shirt, with collars and cuffs attached, which requires neither buttons nor studs; a perpetual-calendar watch-charm, which gives the day of the week and of the month; and a game whereby people may play historical dates and events upon a board, somewhat after the manner of cribbage, being a game whose office is twofold—to furnish the dates and events,

and to impress them permanently upon the memory.

He is a literary Midas. Everything he has touched has turned to gold, not from luck, but from hard work and with an eye to business. In order to obtain the "Grant Memoirs" for publication, he made terms with the Grant family, which other publishers did not dare to make. As Twain said: "They did not appreciate the magnitude of the occasion."

After he had become a business man and a millionaire he was elected an honorary member of the Concord, Mass., Free-Trade Club, and in acknowledging the compliment wrote to the secretary as follows:

"It does look as if Massachusetts were in a fair way to embarrass me with kindnesses this year. In the first place, a Massachusetts judge has just decided in open Court that a Boston publisher may sell, not only his own property in a free and unfettered way, but also may as freely sell property which does not belong to him, but to me—property which he

has not bought, and which I have not sold. Under this ruling I am now advertising that judge's homestead for sale, and if I make as good a sum out of it as I expect, I shall go on and sell out the rest of his property. In the next place, a committee of the public library of your town have condemned and excommunicated my last book—and doubled its sale. . . And finally, the Free-Trade Club of Concord comes forward and adds to the splendid burden of obligations already conferred upon me by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts an honorary membership, which is worth more than all the rest just at this juncture, since it endorses me as worthy to associate with certain gentlemen whom even the moral icebergs of the Concord Library Committee are bound to respect. May the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts endure forever, is the heartfelt prayer of one who, long a recipient of her mere general good-will, is proud to realize that he is at last become her pet."

Mr. Clemens has been so busily engaged during the later years of his life, that necessarily his book work and his personal correspondence have suffered. He failed to answer a letter written by Sergeant Ballantine, the English author. After waiting a reasonable time the latter was so exasperated, at not receiving an answer, that he mailed Mark a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, as a gentle reminder. Mr. Clemens wrote back on a postal card:

"Paper and stamp received. Please send an envelope."

To-day in healthful middle age, Samuel L. Clemens is reaping the fruits of a long and varied career. He has been a printer, steamboat pilot, private secretary, miner, reporter, lecturer, inventor, author, publisher and capitalist. He is one of the few living persons with a truly world-wide reputation. As Miss Gilder has truthfully and wittily remarked: "Unless the excellent gentlemen, engaged in revising the Scriptures, should claim the authorship of their

work, there is no other living writer, whose books are now so widely read as Mark Twain's; and it may not be out of the way to add that in more than one pious household, the "Innocents Abroad," is laid beside the family Bible, and referred to as a hand book of Holy Land description and narrative."

XII.

GEMS FROM MARK TWAIN.

COLLECTED FROM HIS PUBLISHED WORKS, FUGITIVE SKETCHES, LECTURES, SPEECHES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

"Be virtuous and you will be eccentric."

"The train is profusely decorated with tunnels."

"A tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes."

"Figures stew out of me just as natural as the otter of roses out of the otter."

"There is no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue-jay."

"I wouldn't give a cent to hear Ingersoll on Moses, but I'd give ten dollars to hear Moses on Ingersoll."

"One could see the dress creeping along the floor some time after the woman was gone."

"When the musing spider steps on to the red-hot shovel, he first exhibits wild surprise, then he shrivels."

"I left my rheumatism there. Baden-Baden is welcome to it. It was little, but it was all I had to give. I should have liked to leave something more catching, but it was not in my power."

"I tried him with mild jokes, then with severe ones; I dosed him with bad jokes, and riddled him with good ones; I fired old stale jokes into him, and peppered him fore and aft with red-hot ones. I warmed up to my work, and assaulted him on the right and left, in front and behind; I fumed, and charged, and ranted, till I was sick, and frantic and furious; but I never moved him once—I never started a smile or a tear! Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! He was deaf, and dumb, and blind as a badger."

"He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fish woman."

"He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tatooed in red and blue India ink."

"There were no hackmen, hacks or omnibuses on the pier. I said it was like being in heaven."

"Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies."

"Formerly, to be a Californian was to be a speculator. A man could not help it. One man tried to be otherwise, but he was only kicking against fate. While everybody was wild with a spirit of speculation, and full of plans for making sudden fortunes, he said he would farm along quietly, and slowly gain a modest competence, and so be happy. But his first crop of onions happened to be about the only onions produced that year. He sold it for a hundred thousand dollars and retired."

"A small company, but small companies are pleasantest."

"He was full of blessed egotism and placid self-importance, but he didn't know as much as a 3-em quad."

"A cat that eat up an entire box of Seidlitz powders, and then hadn't any more judgment than to go and take a drink."

"It is the nature of woman to ask trivial, irrelevant and pursuing questions,—questions that pursue you from a beginning in nothing to a run-to-cover in nowhere."

"We walked out into the grass grown, fragment-strewn court beyond the Parthenon. It startled us every now and then, to see a stony white face stare suddenly up at us out of the grass with its dead. The place seemed alive with ghosts. I half expected to see the Athenian heroes of twenty centuries ago glide out of the shadows, and steal into the old temple they knew so well and regarded with such boundless pride."

"At sea. Now came the resurrection hour, the berths gave up their dead. These pale spectres in plug hats file up the companion way."

"Age enlarges and enriches the powers of some musical instruments,—notably those of the violin,—but it seems to set a piano's teeth on edge."

"I am a Yankee of the Yankees, a practical man, nearly barren of sentiment or poetry—in other words, my father was a blacksmith, my uncle was a horse doctor, and I was both."

"He found that the 'education of the nineteenth century is plenty good enough capital to go into business in the sixth century with,' and the next year he was running the kingdom all by himself on a moderate royalty of forty per cent."

"There didn't seem to be brains enough in the entire nursery to bait a fish-hook, but you didn't mind that after a little while, for you saw that brains were not needed in a society like that, and would have marred its symmetry and spoiled it."

'This vile bit of human rubbish."

'Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct."

"A forlorn dog, with bowed head, and tail withdrawn from service."

"When a man has been fifty years at sea, he is only a gray and bearded child."

"He was a man with a hair lip, and a pure heart, and everybody said he was true as steel."

"To the Indian, soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run."

"They appointed me clerk of the committee on conchology, and then allowed me no amanuensis to play billiards with."

"If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there were two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first."

"If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake."

"Ah, to think of it, only to think of it! —the poor old faithful creature. For she was so faithful. Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that self-same house and that self-same family for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick! And, oh, to think she should meet such a death at last!—a sitting over the red-hot stove at three o'clock in the morning, and went to sleep and fell on it and was actually roasted! Not just frizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a crisp! Poor faithful creature, how she was cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to scrimp to do it, I will put up a tombstone over that lone sufferer's grave —and Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her——"

"Put it, '*Well done*, good and faithful servant!' said Riley, and never smiled.'"

"The less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher salary he commands."

"Who can join in the heartless libel that says woman is extravagant in dress when he can look back and call to mind our simple and lowly mother Eve arrayed in her modification of the Highland costume."

"He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars' worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes seven and a half on the hog."

"He stood bewildered a moment, with a sense of goneness on him like one who finds himself suddenly overboard upon a midnight sea, and beholds the ship pass into shrouding gloom, while the dreadful conviction falls upon his soul that he has not been missed."

"Just a hunk of brains, that's what he was."

"He will eat a man, he will eat a Bible,—he will eat anything between a man and a Bible."

"He wrote with impressive flatulence and soaring confidence upon the vastest subjects; but puffing alms-gifts of wedding cake, salty ice cream, abnormal watermelons, and sweet potatoes the size of your leg was his best hold."

"Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on the tree-box discouraged."

"It was just like a new author. They always think that they know more than anybody else when they are getting out their first book."

"For weeks she nursed her grief in silence, while the roses faded from her cheeks. And through it all she clung to the hope that some day the old love would bloom again in Reginald's heart, and he would write to her; but the long summer days dragged wearily along, and still no letter came. The newspapers teemed with stories of battle and carnage, and eagerly she read them, but always with the same result: the tears welled up and blurred the closing lines—the name she sought was looked for in vain, and the dull aching returned to her sinking heart. Letters to the other girls sometimes contained brief mention of him, and presented always the same picture of him—a morose, unsmiling, desperate man, always in the thickest of the fight, begrimed with powder, and moving calm and unscathed through tempests of shot and shell, as if he bore a charmed life."

"A cross between a tired mud turtle and a crippled hearse horse."

"He means well, but art is folly to him; he only understands groceries."

"His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty."

"Having forgotten to mention it sooner, I will remark, in conclusion, that the ages of the Siamese Twins are respectively fifty-one and fifty-three years."

"I found the brave fellow in a profound French calm. I say French calm, because French calmness and English calmness have points of difference. He was moving swiftly back and forth among the debris of his furniture, now and then staving chance fragments of it across the room with his foot; grinding a constant grist of curses through his set teeth; and halting every little while to deposit another handful of his hair on the pile which he had been building of it on the table."

"The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel."

"She was a perfect polyglot once, but somehow her palate got down."

"And so saying, he turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost."

"We write frankly and fearlessly, but then we 'modify' before we print."

"Oh, I know him. A sallow-faced, red-headed fellow, with a little scar on the side of his throat like a splinter under the flesh."

"A woman who could face the devil himself—or a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning."

"He was a man of middle size and compact frame, and when he was thinking deeply, he had a way of knitting his brows and tapping his forehead reflectively with his finger, which impressed you at once with the conviction that you stood in the presence of a person of no common order."

"The poem is smooth and blubbery; it reads like buttermilk gurgling from a jug."

"A sincere compliment is always grateful to a young lady, so long as you don't try to knock her down with it."

"Cain is branded a murderer so heartlessly and unanimously in America, only because he was neither a Democrat nor a Republican."

"A long cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face."

'Epitaphs are cheap, and they do a poor chap a world of good after he is dead, especially if he had hard luck while he was alive. I wish they were used more."

"I do not know how it came about exactly, but gradually we appeared to melt down and run together, conversationally speaking, and then everything went along as comfortably as clockwork."

"Your conscience is a nuisance. A conscience is like a child. If you pet it and play with it and let it have everything it wants, it becomes spoiled and intrudes on all of your amusements and most of your griefs. Treat your conscience as you would treat anything else. When it is rebellious, spank it—be severe with it, argue with it, prevent it from coming to play with you at all hours—and you will secure a good conscience. That is to say, a properly trained one. A spoiled conscience simply destroys all the pleasure in life. I think I have reduced mine to order. At least I haven't heard from it for some time. Perhaps I've killed it through over-severity. It's wrong to kill a child, but in spite of all I have said, a conscience differs from a child in many ways. Perhaps it is best when it is dead."

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